SIERRA MADRE NEWS

[PU]BLISHED WEEKLY | SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1919 | VOL. XIII., NO. 46

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September Designers Are Here

BIG RECEPTION TOMORROW

Service Men's Banquet at 6:30 and Public Reception at 8:30 at Woman's Club House

The public reception at 8:30 Saturday evening at the Woman's Club House, to be tendered our service men and Civil and Spanish-American War veterans, will be arranged to accommodate those of the community who will attend to pay honor to the invited guests.

Plans have been made to comfortably seat the audience outside of the club house where the speakers will address their hearers from the front balcony, the band to play on the east porch. Ample provision in the way of seats and parking for automobiles will be made for the convenience of all.

[The] speakers will be our own boys, [rep]resentatives from the veterans of [th]e Civil and Spanish American Wars and will be introduced by Mr. C. W. Jones, chairman of the Red Cross, with Mayor Mitchell in behalf of the city, to briefly welcome the honored guests. It is expected that Lieut. Chas. L. Camp, of whom Sierra Madre is justly proud in having been decorated with the French Cross of Honor, will tell some of his experiences "overseas" during his two years of service.

The evening will close with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner led by the band.

Previous to the reception the boys and veterans will be feted in the auditorium of the club house, when a banquet will be served by the House Committee of the Red Cross and assistants, with Mrs. C. C. Nourse at its head, members of the younger set to act as waitresses. The menu of the banquet is a secret, but promises to more than satisfy any man, the ladies of the committee, famed for their culinary art promising a dinner fit for an epicure and especially appealing in its "home cooked" taste to our service boys.

During the banquet, a program in the form of a cabaret has been arranged by Mrs. Hawxhurst and her committee; Mrs. T. H. Flather, who will accompany a trio composed of Mesdames Hawks, Hawxhurst and Klunk having put together a medley of wartime songs especially for the occasion, Miss Helen Williams, who has charge of a song and dance number by the following young ladies: Misses Gladys Walker, Harriet Sperry, Margaret Preston and Hermina Skvarla, and Miss Esther Olsen, who will direct and play for an orchestra composed of Will Olsen, violin, and Stafford Sadler, saxaphone.

Miss Margory Maughlin, premiere danseuse, has promised to present her ballet number with Earl Adams, so recently a success at the Kinema and other numbers will include Miss Helen Sadler, vocalist, accompanied by Mrs. Orval Kellogg, a saxaphone solo by Stafford Sadler, and Miss Helen Williams in an Egyptian solo dance.

The ladies have worked hard to make this affair a huge success and Sierra Madre owes them a vote of thanks for their efforts. The various numbers on the cabaret program have been rehearsed until they are perfect, and some of them have been originated for the occasion.

Our business men come in for their share of glory, too, by the generous contribution they have made in supplies. The Sierra Madre band directed by T. M. Webster also contribute their services freely.

All of this labor has been contributed as a "labor of love" which we know will be appreciated not only by "our boys" and their guests, but by the public as well.

Now it's up to the public to show appreciation and honor to our home heroes, who did their individual part 'tward crushing Hun Kulture, by attending this public acknowledgement of sacrifices they made and the results that they accomplished.

Everybody attend; tomorrow night at 8:30 at the Woman's Club House.

Special Mattress Sale

BEGINNING MONDAY, AUGUST 11, AND CONTINUING FOR ONE WEEK, WE WILL OFFER ALL MATTRESSES AT

15 Per cent off Regular Prices

If you need a mattreess or are going to need one or more this is the time to save money.

Bergien Bros.

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A TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE

An Entertaining Description of a Wonderful Time Enjoyed By Ten Maiden Ladies.

By Mrs. J. A. Saenger

We, that is the ten suffragettes, left Los Angeles on the Southern Pacific for Merced July 4th, 7:30 p. m. Arrived in Merced at 7:35 next morning. We found large touring cars waiting for us to carry us to Miami Lodge, where we enjoyed a fine lunch. Leaving there one hour later we struck Mariposa Valley and the big trees, about two o'clock. Here we found immense Redwood trees. The largest of them carry different names, such as Lincoln, Alabama, Los Angeles, Pasadena, and many others. Fallen Monarch and Fallen Giant have been rooted by old age and as they lay there an auto can easy stand on the trunk of it. Going out Mariposa Valley we drove through the big tree just as pictures so often show it. Then on to Wawona Hotel. Here we found a very comfortable cottage reserved for us and after a good warm bath we were ready for our dinner. The grounds of this hotel are wonderful. A lawn of white clover about the length of a city block and perhaps 250 feet deep with a pool of beautiful clear water, a playing fountain and swings here and there.

The hotel buildings are painted white and back of these are the murmuring pines telling us in their own way of all the beauties and wonder of this old world.

Wawona the wonderful and beautiful! Here we spent the night. After breakfast our car was ready to proceed to Glacier Point. A wonderful drive. The road is rather narrow and several times as a machine would come towards us we would have to wait or if too near would have to back down in order to be able to pass. In winding around the different mountain peaks the beautiful Pohono meadows burst upon our eyes like a fairyland. At first glimpse this seems to be an immense estate with a beautiful lawn and you look for the castle. Next we came to Inspiration Point. Here is the wonderful Half Dome, which looks as if a knife had cut the other half away. We are now 7000 feet above sea level and continue to Glacier Point. Arriving at Glacier a very nice hotel surprises you as one does not expect it away up here in the Sierras. A very comfortalbe veranda the full length of the building faces Half Dome, North Dome, Clouds' Rest and many other of the high peaks. Here are maps arranged on the porch so one can study the different peaks and their elevation. About 450 feet from the hotel to the north is Overhanging Rock. From here we see the entire floor of the Yosemite Valley aobut 3000 feet below. Truly a wonderful picture. Camp Curry is directly at o[ur] feet. The tents looks like bee hives. An auto looks like a louse, no matt[er] whether Ford or Pierce Arrow, it is "all samee louse." To the right the wonderful Mirror Lake; to the left Camp Yosemite. After brushing the dust from our shoes and washing our hands we [w]ent [to o]ured [ ] and oh, such dinner. [ ]eaded porti[ ]spring chicken with [ ]n in the Illus[ ]d all sorts of [tr]imming[s] cap half wa[y] courses 7000 feet in the Sierras. It seems like a dream. But that dinner was good; it surely left a warm spot in our hearts. After three hours in this wonderful spot our driver sounds the horn and we start downward. Still some more wonderful scenery.

Arrived at Camp Curry about 3:00 p. m. (Sunday). We had made reservations for this camp two weeks ahead, but nothing had been done for our comfort; not even a complaint in the office brought any better result and after standing 6½ hours in line for dinner we decided that one night at Camp Curry would be about all we could stand and early Monday morning found ten old maids on their way to Camp Yosemite. Here we live like human beings. The service in the little bungalows as well as in the dining room is much ahead of Camp Curry. The bungalows are wonderful little structures. We occupy five of them, two girls in each one. The little house for two is divided by brown canvas so each has an apartment to herself and there is still a small sitting room with a little heater, table and rocking chairs; plenty of wood in case the morning is chilly so we can have a fire. No standing in line here for dnner for this is a much better systematized camp. We spent ten wonderful days in this camp, most of the first two days in the woods by the River Merced which is right back of our houses. A beautiful little spot of wild flowers and ferns and pines. Here we got up a wedding teaparty and finally a funeral.

Wednesday morning we went to Mirror Lake to see the sunrise on the lake. This, one has to see to grasp the beauty and wonder of it. I have no words to describe it. Mirror Lake is like a mirror; bears full justice to its name. Everything on the opposite shores reflects in the water as in a mirrow. People walking on the opposite shore seem to be walking on their heads in the water. The guide will tell you different legends on this trip that have come to us from the Indians. He also insists at one side of the lake quite high up on the mountainside you will see a woman walking. She wears a brown skirt and white waist and is called the Lady of the Lake. He is a wonder! From Mirror Lake to Happy Isles and the Fish Hatchery. Thursday to Nevada and Vernal Falls. Friday to Bridal Veil Falls. This is a wonderful waterfall. The sun shining on afternoons give it the color of the rainbow and the wind blowing the spray you can imagine the most wonderful fabric of the very finest texture.

We were so impressed with Glacier Point that some of us decided to go up again. Saturday three of our party started before breakfast on the 4½ mile trail to ascend 3000 feet. O, the beauty of this trip. You forget the hardships of it for as you rest you have ever this beautiful valley at your feet, with the river winding thru the meadows. Had another good dinner up there (the price of this is refunded down here) and returned in the afternoon, as a thunderstorm was approaching.

The excursion Sunday brought Mr. [an]d Mrs. Hartman, Mr. and Mrs. Kersting, and Mrs. Sparks. Mr. and M[r]s. Milton Steinberger and Mrs. Topping and her son are also visitors in the valley.

(Continued on last page)

SIERRA MADRE'S FUTURE

More Houses Needed to Accommodate Homeseekers, Who Are Applying for Citizenship Here

That the immigration to Southern California will pour over this part of the state until the population will be doubled is the general opinion of those who watch the signs of the time.

Property values are advancing, and rentals are climbing, but still the demand for homes increases. Homeseekers are turned away from Sierra Madre almost daily because of the lack of rental property, especially that of a better class.

There is a lot of idle money in Sierra Madre and it seems to us that it could be turned to profitable use in building modern bungalows and cottages of a substantial character. At this season of the year the town is generally generously sprinkled with empty houses for rent, but this season the reverse is the case.

What are we going to do with the usual crowd of "winter dwellers" that will be coming this fall? If Sierra Madre expects to profit by the wave of homeseekers sweeping over the state, she will have to make some provision to care for them when they come.

We are planning for improvements in various lines, but of what value will they be as attractions to newcomers, unless we have attractive homes to offer these people. This is our "dull season" and still the houses of this town are practically all occupied. When the usual influx of winter residents begins what are we going to do with them? Turn them away to other towns, as we are doing now?

A flock of good rental houses would surely pay satisfactory dividends on the investment. Other towns are building, building, building, but, so far as we know, the only buildings erected here this season were built by owners of property for their own homes.

It is estimated that we need fifty houses to rent for from $25 to $30, a dozen to rent for from $45 to $70, and competent judges offer the opinion that they would all be occupied this winter.

BIG REAL ESTATE DEAL

Edwin G. Hart has purchased from W. J. Hole, Rancho La Habra, a 4000-acre ranch within 20 miles of Los Angeles. This property is one of the old Spanish grants. La Habra Heights Company has been incorporated, thru which the development and subdivision of the property will be handled. Surveying crews will be put to work immediately now that the transfer of the property has been made. Contracts for water lines, reservoirs, roads, etc., will be let as fast as preparatory work can be concluded. It is understood that an amount of approximately $450,000 changed hands in consummation of this transaction. —Covina Argus.

GUESTS OF COMMANDER

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Noake, former residents of Sierra Madre, were the dinner guests of Commander Mastick Ravenscroft, of the U. S. Navy, aboard his ship, the destroyer "Ludlow," Monday. The experience will long be remembered and their many friends here will congratulate them upon the honor conferred upon them. Mrs. Noake is the youngest daughter of Mrs. L. E. Lyon, the composer, of this place.

BORN

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Shuttleworth of the Baldwin ranch are the proud parents of a bran new eight pound boy which the stork brought Wednesday morning, at the Sierra Madre Hospital. Mrs. Shuttelworth and the new son are doing nicely.

FERN LODGE

in the Big Santa Anita Canyon

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WHAT MIRO READ AT SCHOOL

Youngster's Initiation Into Culture Was Made "Almost a Religious Mystery."

At school Miro was early impressed with the vast dignity of the literary works and names he was compelled to learn. Shakespeare and Goethe and Dante lifted their plaster heads frowningly above the teacher's as they perched on shelves about the room. Much was said of the greatness of literature. But the art of phonetics and the complications of grammar swamped Miro's early school years. It was not until he reached the high school that literature began really to assume that sacredness which he had heretofore felt only for holy Scripture, Randolph Bourne writes in Yale Review. His initiation into culture was made almost a religious mystery by the conscientious and harassed teacher. As the "Deadwood Boys" and "David Harum" slipped away from Miro's soul in the presence of Milton's "Comus," and Burke "On Conciliation" a cultural devoutness was engendered in him that never really died. At first it did not take Miro beyond the stage where your conscience is strong enough to make you uncomfortable, but not strong enough to make you do anything about it. Mira did not actually become an omnivorous reader of great books. But he was filled with a rich grief that the millions pursued cheap and vulgar fiction instead of the best that has been thought and said in the world. Miro indiscriminately bought cheap editions of the English classics and read them with a certain patient uncomprehendingness.

SHOFAR IN HEBREW RITUAL

Wood Instrument Dates Back to the Very Earliest Youth of the World.

Hebrew historians, with a special eye (or ear) to the racial history, are very proud of their shofar. They say it is the oldest form of wood wind instrument in the world, that it was used in the original Mosaic ritual. It is the one musical instrument, says Dr. Cyrus Adler, which has been preserved unbrokenly in that ritual.

There is even a theory, voiced by Professor Steinthal, that the shofar antedates the people of Israel. He says it probably goes back to prehistoric times. And another investigator points out that it obviously came first from a folk solely dependent on the growing of sheep.

This ancient ram's horn instrument was perhaps earliest used for the signals of alarm which were so necessarily common in primitive society. The Israelites then adapted it to their religious services, and with such fitting effect that it has persisted uniquely since the beginning.

But the Talmud indicates that, even among the Hebrews, the shofar was also developed into a horn for giving alarms. Fundamentally these alarms would be incidental to war. Afterward, though, the instrument was blown in other seasons of danger or distress. It warned of famine or of a plague of locusts or of drought. And it was employed in the public service of excommunication.

The children of Israel had other horns which were used for musical or ritualistic purposes, but this is the only one which has survived.

Trinity Church Yard.

According to the New York city records, Trinity church obtained the site by a grant from the king of England. It was known as the king's domain. Later the largest tract of land owned by the Trinity parish, known as the queen's lands, came into the hands of that corporation by gift. Therefore we have no original owners to trace antedating the English, save only the Dutch government and the Indians from whom the Dutch bought Manhattan Island.

Uncle Eben.

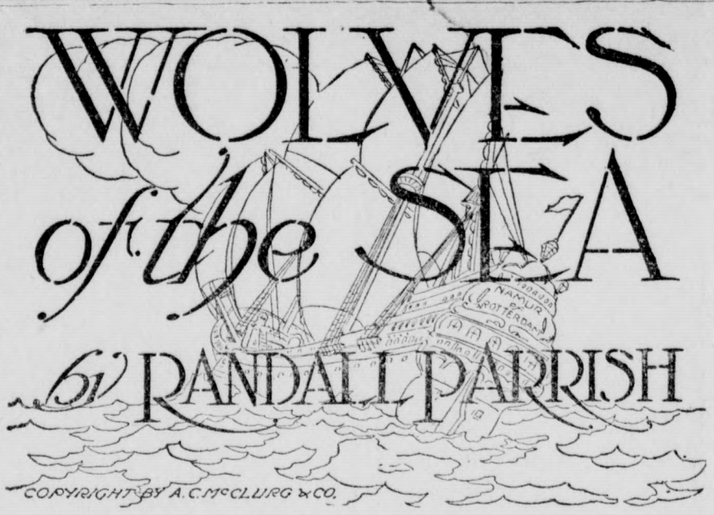
"If every small boy could carry out his mother's expectations foh his future," said Uncle Eben, "dar'd have to be several million presidents of de United States all to once."

When Romans Ruled Britain.

There is a showcase in the Roman British section of the British museum that contains the discharge certificates given to soldiers in Britain at the time of the Romans. The bronze certificates are quaintly worded, and record the fact that the holders "discharged honorably after 25 years of service," are granted Roman citizenship if not already held, "and the recognition of their marriage with those who are their wives, or in case of unmarried, any wives they may subsequently marry, provided they only have one each."

WOLVES of the SEA

by RANDALL PARRISH



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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

—11—

"Yes; hold my hand while I guide you; we can sit here."

It was a couch of some kind against the outer wall. She did not release her grasp, seemingly gaining courage from this physical contact, and my fingers closed warmly over her own."

"Now, please," breathlessly, "how is it possible you are aboard this vessel—an officer?"

I told her the strange story, as swiftly and simply as possible, speaking scarcely above a whisper, feeling as I progressed that I related a dream rather than a series of facts. It seemed to me she could scarcely be expected to believe the truth of what I said, and yet she did, almost unquestioningly, the clasp of her fingers perceptibly tightening as I proceeded. She sat so close beside me that I could feel her breath upon my cheek.

"Why, if—if you had not told me this yourself I could hardly believe such a tale," she exclaimed. "Yet it must be true, miraculous as it seems. But what is to be the ending? Have you any plan of escape?"

"Hardly a plan. I have had no opportunity even to learn the true nature of the crew. Watkins is an honest sailor, and he has told me of others on whom I could rely. There are those aboard—but I do not know how many—who would mutiny if they had a leader and a reasonable chance of success. I must reach these and learn who they are. Fortunately the voyage promises to be long enough to enable me to plan carefully."

"You have discussed the voyage with this man—Estada?"

"He told me what he had decided upon; not to return to their rendezvous until after they had captured some prizes and could go with gold chinking in their pockets."

"Where is their rendezvous?"

"An island in the West Indies, probably not on the chart. They call it Porto Grande."

"And they will sweep the ocean between here and there seeking victims? Unarmed merchantment to rob and sink? And you—you will be compelled to take part in such scenes, such acts of pillage and perhaps murder?"

"I presume I must seem to be one of them to avoid suspicion. Have you any suggestions?"

"There is conspiracy on board already," she said quickly, "that you may not know about."

"You mean to depose Sanchez?"

"Yes; you had suspicioned it? They thought me unconscious in the boat, and talked among themselves—the two at the stern, Estada and that beast Manuel. I did not understand all they said, but I do not think they intend the captain shall recover."

"You think it best that he should?"

"Oh, I do not know; there is no best that I can see. Yet I would have more faith in being spared disgrace if at the mercy of Sanchez, than his lieutenant. Both may be equally guilty, equally desperate, but they are not the same men. I may be wrong, for I judge as a woman, yet I would feel safer with Sanchez. The other merely desires with the passions of a brute. No appeal would reach him; he would laugh at tears and find pleasure in suffering. And yet you would have me appear friendly with Estada?"

"We cannot permit him to feel that either of us are enemies. He is the power aboard; our lives, everything are in his hands. If he means to be rid of Sanchez the man is doomed, for he will find a way to accomplish his purpose; murder means nothing to these men."

"Of course you are right," she acknowledged. "Our case is so desperate we must resort to any weapons. You believe it will serve the possibility of escape if I permit this monster to imagine that I have some interest in him?"

"To do so might delay the explosion," I replied gravely, "and just now any delay is welcome. I doubt if even Estada will resort to force on board; indeed force will be the very last card he will care to play in your case. You are English and all the practical seamen on board are from northern Europe—English and Scandinavian. These men are not pirates from choice—they are prisoners who have taken on to save their own lives. With his bullies and cutthroats amidships he can compel them to work, but he dare not go too far. Once these fellows unite in mutiny they could take the ship. An assault on you would be dangerous."

"It is these men you count on?"

"Yes; but for me to gain their confidence and leadership will require time. The slightest slip would mean failure and merciless punishment. At best the situation is absolutely desperate—but I see no other solution."

"And my service is deceit—the acting of a part to blind the eyes of Estada?"

"I sincerely believe your greater chance of security lies in this course. The fellow is a supreme egotist; opposition will anger him, while flattery will make him subservient. You have the wit and discretion to hold him within certain limits. It is a dangerous game, I admit, and a disagreeable one, but the case requires desperate remedies."

She lifted her eyes, searching my face through the dim light.

"Geoffry Carlyle," she said at last, a tremor in the low voice, "there is no sacrifice I would not make to preserve my honor. I hate this man; I dread his touch; I shrink from contact with him as I would from a snake, but I am not going to refuse to do my part. If you say this is right and justified I will consent."

"I believe it is."

"And you will not lose faith in me?" she questioned earnestly. "It will not lower your belief in my womanhood?"

"Nothing could do that. Mistress Dorothy, I want you to realize the depth of my interest and respect. Your friendliness has meant much to me, and I would never urge you to lower your ideals. But we must face this situation as it is. We possess but two weapons of defense—deceit or force. A resort to the latter is at present impossible. I cannot conceive that you are lowering yourself in any way by using the power you possess to escape violence—"

"The power I possess?"

"Yes—beauty and wit. These are your weapons, and most effective ones. You can play with Estada and defeat him—temporarily, at least. I confess there is danger in such a game—he is a wild beast, and his evil nature may overcome his discretion. Take this pistol. Keep it hidden about your person, but use it only when all else fails. You retain faith in me?"

"Implicitly."

"And pledge yourself to your part, leaving me to attend to mine?"

Her two hands clasped my fingers, her eyes uplifted.

"Geoffry Carlyle, I have always believed in you, and now, after the sacrifice you have made to serve me I can refuse you nothing you ask. I will endeavor to accomplish all you require of me. God knows how I hate the task; but—but I will do my best. Only—only," her voice sank, "if—if the beast lays hands on me he—he pays the price. I could not do otherwise. Geoffry Carlyle—I am a Fairfax."

She Lifted Her Eyes.

Satisfied with my mission and confident nothing more need be said, I arose to my feet.

"Then we can do nothing further until I learn the disposition of the crew," I said quietly. "Estada is not likely to resort to extreme measures at present. That is why I believe you are comparatively safe now—his own position of command is in the balance."

"I will see you again?"

"Perhaps not here; it is too dangerous; but I will find means to communicate with you. Good-by."

We stood with hands clasped in the darkness. I thought she was going to speak again, but the words failed to come. Then suddenly, silently the door opened a mere crack, letting in a gleam of yellow light from the main cabin, while the crouching figure of a man, like a gliding shadow slipped through the aperture, closing the door behind him as softly as he had opened it. I heard her catch her breath and felt her hands grasp my sleeve, but I never stirred.

Who could he be? What might be the purpose of his entrance? But one answer occurred to me—Pedro Estada, driven by unbridled passions to attack the girl. I thrust her behind me, and took a step forward, with body poised for action. I was unarmed, but cared little for that in the swift desire to come to hand grips with the brute. I could hear him now, slowly and cautiously feeling his way toward us through the darkness.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Murder on Board.

To be certain of free space I extended one hand and my fingers came into unexpected contact with the back of a chair. Without moving my body I grasped this welcome weapon of defense and swung it above my head. Whoever the invader creeping upon us might prove to be, he was certainly an enemy, actuated by some foul purpose, and no doubt armed. To strike him down as quickly and silently as possible was therefore the plain duty of the moment. I had no other thought.

The slowness with which he groped his way forward indicated unfamiliarity with the apartment, although his direct advance proclaimed some special purpose. Clearly he had no fear of attack. I could determine almost his exact position as his advancing foot felt cautiously along the deck. He came forward inch by inch. I measured the distance as indicated by faint, shuffling sounds.

I could not see but I knew. With all my force I struck! Blindly as it had been delivered the blow hit fair; there was a thud, an inarticulate groan, and the fall of a body upon the floor—beyond that nothing. I waited breathlessly listening for the slightest movement. I felt Dorothy touch my shoulder and caught the sound of her voice trembling at my ear.

"What is it? What did you do?"

"I struck him with a chair; he lies there on the deck. Wait where you are."

I bent over and touched him. The fellow lay in a heap with no perceptible heart-beat, no semblance of breathing. My fingers sought his face, and I could scarcely suppress a cry of surprise—he was not Estada. Who, then, was he? What could have been his purpose in thus invading this stateroom? All I could grasp was the fact that the fellow was not the Portuguese—he possessed a smooth face, long hair, and was a much smaller man. I dragged the body where the light illumination from the after port fell directly on the upturned face. The features revealed were unfamiliar—those unquestionably of a half-breed Indian. Dorothy crossed to my side, her foot striking a knife, which came glimmering into the narrow range of light. She stared in horror at the ugly weapon, and then at the ghastly countenance.

"He came to murder! See, his knife lies there. Why should he have sought to kill me?"

"It is all mystery," I admitted. What shall be done with the body? It cannot be left lying exposed here; no one would believe you killed him, and my presence must not be suspected."

"Could it," she suggested, "be dropped through the port?"

She shrank back from touching the inanimate figure, yet it required the combined efforts of both to force the stiffening body through the porthole. We could distinguish footsteps on the deck above, but these were regular and undisturbed—the slow promenade from rail to rail of the officer on watch. Clearly nothing had been heard or seen to awaken suspicion.

"If you should be questioned tomorrow you had best know nothing," I said gravely. "I do not think you will be, for surely an attack can be no plan of Estada's. It could gain no advantage. The fellow was pillaging on his own account; if he is missed it will be supposed he fell overboard, and no one will care. You are not afraid to remain here alone?"

"No; I am not greatly frightened, but shall try and bar the door with a chair. I have no key."

"Then I'll leave you; half of my watch below must be gone by now. I'll take the fellow's knife along, as it must not be found here."

We parted with a clasp of hands, and I opened the stateroom door and slipped out into the cabin. To my surprise the light over the table had been extinguished, rendering the cabin so black I had to actually feel my way forward. The lantern must have been put out since then by some confederate. After a moment of hesitation I found my way across to my own stateroom and pressed open the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Polka Dot.

Because in 1835 a Bohemian peasant girl danced a new step in a little village near the Polish border a Hungarian dancing master introduced it in Europe under the name of Polka, which is the feminine of Polak or Pole. By 1844, at the time James K. Polk was running for the presidency, the dance had spread to America and the name "Polk" and the word "Polka" formed a coincidence at once appealing to everyone. The manufacturers, merchants and designers immediately presented Polka hats, Polka shoes, Polka gauze and the "newest design in fabrics for gentlewomen."

On a Commercial Basis.

Gerald gave his grandmother a little gift for her birthday, and she said "Well, you are a good lad; I shall give you a nickel for yourself," to which the little man replied, "But grandma, the [illegible] at 15 cents."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by Mary Graham Bonner

© by the AUTHOR

ZEBU CHILD.

"The zebu child," said Daddy, "was a great joy to his mother. She was very proud of him, and no matter if he was not always a perfect and well-behaved child she thought he was lovely.

"It is a way that mothers have, you know."

Nick and Nancy laughed for Daddy gave a knowing wink.

"I can't always understand it myself," he said.

But both the children knew that he could, for they knew, deep down, that he adored them and thought they were perfect, and besides he was never, never, never too tired to tell them a good-night story.

"The zebu child and her mother lived in the zoo and there were a number of other zebus there, too.

"In fact there were many other animals all around. Some times on a rainy day I've seen the zebus in the zoo with their heads out of their little houses and their bodies inside as though they were saying.

"'Well, we'll shampoo our heads today, or at least we will give them a rain washing. But our bodies had better be inside. It's just as good as being able to check our bodies in our houses, like folks check their umbrellas and suitcases at the railway station to be called for when they want them.

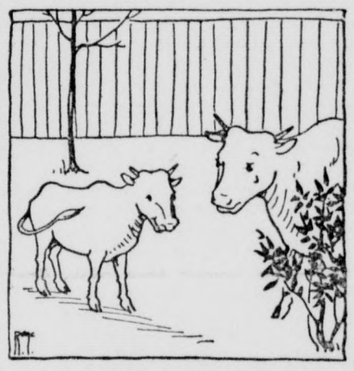
"'We can't go off and leave our bodies behind but we do keep our bodies directly behind us so they don't get wet.'

"They looked quite funny with their heads all out of doors, their great cow-like eyes gazing up at the rain as though to say,

"'What a silly thing rain is, and yet it has its purposes. It is useful, but it is silly.'

"For they look as if they thought everything in the world was rather silly, just as creatures will look who aren't thinking much themselves.

"Well, I heard the keeper talking to a zebu child, this special zebu child



"Don't Feel Badly, Mother."

I want to tell you about and this was what the keeper said:

"'You're six months old today," he told the zebu child, "and now you must be taken from your mother and made to look after yourself a little more.

"'You've had your mother all to yourself for quite a long time, you must now learn how not to be a baby and how to be a grown-up zebu.'

"'Ah, I'm six months old today,' the zebu child said proudly. "Think, mother, I'm six months old.'

"'Yes, my child is a grown-up son now,' she said, 'he is a real zebu!'

"The zebus, you know, are the sacred cattle of India. They look like great gray cows, only they have humps. Their faces are like cows and they belong to that family.

"There is no reason for their humps, and no special reason why they should be made the sacred cattle of India. But still they have humps, and they have always been considered the sacred cattle of India just the same.

"Both the Mr. Zebus and the Mrs. Zebus have horns and they're all pretty nice for the most part.

"'Good-by to your babyhood,' said Mother Zebu sadly, for though she was proud that her child was really a child now and not a baby, still she couldn't bear to think that his baby days were over.

"The zebu baby, or zebu child was delighted that he was considered really quite grown up and that he was actually six months old.

"'Don't feel badly, mother,' he said, 'for now I can look after you. I will care for you when you get old for I am young and strong.'

"And the mother zebu looked at him out of her great big wet eyes and said,

"'Ah, what a child he still is.'

"But the zebu child didn't think so at all, and only thought that that was his mother's way of making him believe that he was still young.

"'I'm six months old,' he kept repeating proudly to himself. 'Six months old, a great and terrific age it is!' he added."

Getting Excited.

There is more than one way of getting excited. With some girls excitement means scatter-brained action, and energy dissipated, while with others excitement is the spur that keeps them doing their best. If you are going to get excited, be sure it is the sort of excitement that helps, not that which hinders.—Girl's Companion.

"BAYER CROSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

BAYER

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Colds and pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents at drug stores—larger packages also. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

HEARTY EATERS IN AUSTRALIA

Citizens of That Country May Claim to Have the Best Appetites on the Planet.

Some surprising statistics were published recently of what the average Australian eats.

To judge from these figures, he has the best appetite, if not the best digestion, of any human being on the planet.

He eats every year 264 pounds of meat, which works out at an average of two sheep and one-fifth of a bullock for every man, woman and baby in Australasia! He eats more than twice as much meat as the average Englishman, and three times as much as the average Frenchman, and four times as much as the average German or Swiss.

In addition, he consumes about three and three-quarter hundredweight of wheat, two and a half hundredweights of potatoes, and almost one hundredweight of sugar.

If he is a Tasmanian he eats a quarter of a ton of potatoes in a year!

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Ouch!

Renewal—Hello, old man! How's yourself an' family an' ever'thing?

Banker—How do.

Renewal—I'd like the favor of an extension of sixty or ninety days on my note.

Banker—Sign here.

Renewal—But you only made it thirty days!

Banker—You said sixty, and your old note's thirty past due.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Sure Enough.

"I've noticed this about bad umpiring in baseball."

"What?"

"It never seems to keep a good team from winning ball games."

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin
When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Fiancee and Wife.

"Flubdub used to call his fiancee kitten." "What does he call his wife." "Well, you know what a kitten develops into."

FARMERS ARE WORKING HARDER

And using their feet more than ever before. For all these workers the frequent use of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, increases their efficiency and insures needed physical comfort. It takes the Friction from the Shoe, freshens the feet, and prevents tired, aching and blistered feet. Women everywhere are constant users of Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't get foot sore, get Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by dealers everywhere.—Adv.

Those Mad Wags.

"So you've quit carrying around a corkscrew?"

"Yes; it was such a bore."

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—NELLIE B. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

Such Is Life.

It happened the other Sunday at one of the downtown churches—the christening of a pair of twins. All went well up to the moment when the rector asked, "and what is the child's name?"

The father drew himself up proudly and answered:

"Pershing Foch Haig Marne Mons Lloyd George Wilson Jones."

The rector gasped. Then, taking a deep breath he turned to the mother, who was holding the other child. "And the name of this?" he asked.

The meek little woman smoothed her dress nervously and almost whispered "Maud."

"CAN I BE CURED?" SAYS THE SUFFERER

How often have you heard that sad cry from the victims of disease. Perhaps the disorder has gone too far for help, but oftener it is just in its first stages and the pains and aches are only nature's first cries for help. Do not despair. Find out the cause and give nature all the help you can and she will repay you with health. Look after the kidneys. The kidneys are the most overworked organs of the human body, and when they fail in their work of filtering and throwing off the poison that constantly accumulates in the system, everything goes wrong. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will give almost immediate relief from kidney and bladder troubles and their kindred ailments. They will free your body from pain in short order. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. In three sizes, sealed packages. Money refunded if they do not help you. —Adv.

The Difference.

"I received two requests for an increase in salary today."

"That so? Did you grant them?"

"I refused one and allowed the other."

"Why?"

"Because of a difference in the requests. One of the young fellows came to and simply asked for more money on the ground that he needed it. I turned him down. The other young fellow came in and said that he needed more money, and asked if I couldn't give him a chance to earn more. I did."

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will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Boils, Poll Evil, Quittor, Fistula and infected sores quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove the hair, and you can work the horse. $2.50 per bottle, delivered. Book 7 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Wens, Strains, Bruises; stops pain and inflammation. Price $1.25 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Liberal Trial Bottle for 10c in stamps.

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HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

STATE OFFICIALS WILL AID

Committee Named to Bring About Closest Co-operation in Construction of Highways.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To bring about the most effective co-operation between the federal and state governments in the big program of highway construction now under way, A. R. Hirst, president of the American Association of State Highway Officials, has named, at the request of the secretary of agriculture, a committee to act with the department of agriculture's bureau of public roads in carrying into effect the federal aid road act and its amendments.

Following are the state representatives selected by Mr Hirst:

George P. Coleman, state highway commissioner of Virginia; S. E. Bradt, state superintendent of highways of Illinois; Charles J. Bennett, state highway commissioner of Connecticut; W. S. Keller, state highway engineer of Alabama, and Ira R. Browning, state road engineer of Utah.

Stimulated by recent liberal amendments and added appropriations to the original federal aid road act, road-building plans in the states have received tremendous impetus. Many of the states have provided by large bond issues and otherwise, amounts much larger than will be required to match the federal appropriations.

Up to May of this year, 1,057 project statements for federal aid roads had been approved by the secretary of agriculture. They involve the improvement of 10,580 miles of roads at an estimated cost of $92,933,121.81, of which the federal aid requested was $36,576,857.48. The amount of federal funds available on March 1 for road building was more than $72,900,000, which, under the law must be matched by an equal amount from the states, making a total of $145,800,000, which includes approximately $9,800,000 from federal and state sources for roads in the national forests. Funds that will become available on July 1, with equal contributions from the states, will provide an additional $198,000,000 for federal road work, making an aggregate sum of $343,800,000 available for the calendar year. It is expected, however, that the states will defer taking up part of the available funds until 1920.

War conditions, which almost immediately followed the passage of the first federal aid act in July, 1916, brought scarcity of labor, materials and transportation, and restricted

Good Road Between Annapolis and Baltimore—Big Job to Build and Keep in Repair a Highway Like This.

road-building projects to those absolutely essential to winning the war. Thus the road program was held back for more than a year at a time when demands for improved roads increased more rapidly than in any previous period. State and federal forces alike are working to get highway construc- under way as rapidly as con- can be let and as soon as road- ding forces, somewhat disorganized during the war period, can again be placed on an efficient working basis.

Behind China on Highways.

America has developed its railroads far beyond those of Europe, but it is behind even China in the utilization of its wagon roads and waterways, those reliable avenues of cheap transportation. It is time we made an effort to catch up with China.

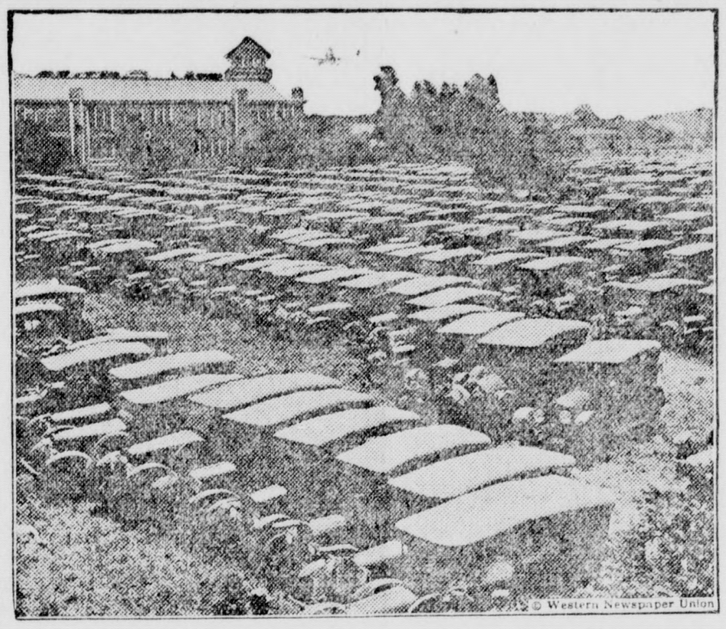
George Ade on Good Roads.

George Ade says. Good roads cost money, but show me a community which has invested in hard roads such as can be used at all times of the year and which now would be willing to go back to the mudholes for a cash consideration.

Good Roads Are Prerequisite.

Good roads are prerequisite to successful motortruck operation. It is believed that fo- -truck operators which re-

CALIFORNIA FARMERS CONDUCT EXTENSION CONFERENCE IN AUTOS



© Western Newspaper Union

Remarkable photo showing over 2,500 automobiles that brought people to the big picnic held at the United States experimental farm at Davis, Cal. This big farm has a school for scientific agriculture and stock raising.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An extension conference traveling in automobiles is an idea from the West.

At the close of the annual meeting of the California experiment station at Davis and the agricultural college at Berkeley, the agents from 34 counties and the assistant agents, the county-agent leader and his assistants were joined by 91 farmer delegates representing the county farm bureaus of the state. The entire party, comprising 151 people, spent seven days traveling by automobile from Berkeley to Riverside. The delegation passed through 11 counties, 9 of which have farm bureaus and 8 of which have resident county agents. In counties having agents, the agents occupied the leading car and conducted the party to interesting demonstration work. Short stops were made at which the county agent or the farmer on whose ranch the demonstration was being conducted, explained the method and results.

Some Things Seen.

Noteworthy things seen were poultry and bee demonstration work at Santa Cruz, stock judging at Salinas and Lankershim, the Jim Jeffries and "Lucky" Baldwin ranches in Los Angeles county, fire-fighting apparatus at Santa Paula, seed-bed preparation at the Camarillo ranch, pruning of apricot trees, citrus pruning, the artesian well and drainage project in Orange county, spraying demonstration in walnut orchard, citrus-bud selection, and poultry culling.

Meetings were held each night at the farm bureau center in the county the party was visiting. The resident county agent explained in detail the work under way in the county and farm bureau members discussed subjects in which they were interested. The delegates considered the advisability of a state farm bureau federation and recommended to the county farm bureaus that such an organization be formed at a later date.

The party was entertained by the local farm bureau at dinner and supper at almost every county passed through, while in southern California the visitors were repeatedly met at county lines by committees of women, and boxes of oranges were literally poured into the automobiles. The trip closed, after covering 937 miles, with a banquet at the mission inn at Riverside. "Sights" were neglected in order to attend the work of the conference.

Benefits From Trip.

The farmers participating were unanimous in approval of the plan. The automobile cost was met by the college of agriculture and the farmer delegates paid their own subsistence expenses or it was met by their farm bureaus. Aside from the practical value of the demonstrations and farm practices observed the whole tone of county agent work in the state was improved. Farm bureau officials returned home with an enlarged outlook, the county agents saw demonstrations and organizations work under a variety of conditions, and the people of the counties visited were given an enlarged vision of the state and national extent of the work.

While such an extended trip is possible only where roads are highly improved, the idea seems to be an excellent one, department of agriculture officials believe, and similar or less ambitious trips doubtless could be planned in a number of the states with real value to the extension organization and work.

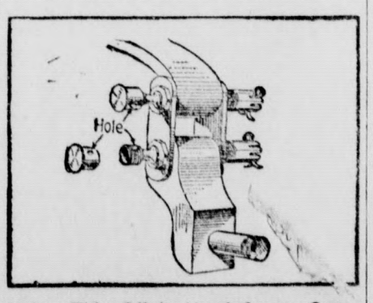
IRON OUT FENDER DENTS

The greatest care must be taken in straightening out dents in the fenders, if the parts are not to assume a battered appearance. The only satisfactory method is to remove the fender and get it on the bench. Beneath it should be placed a block of wood cut to fit snugly the curve of the fender. Then the dents can be pounded out with comparatively little injury to the finish and general appearance of the parts. Incidentally it is a good plan to use a leather mallet for this work or to cover the head of an ordinary hammer with a number of thicknesses of cloth.

DO AWAY WITH OIL TROUBLES

Method Advocated for the Proper Lubrication of Automobile Spring Bolts Shown Here.

Where hard oil is used as a lubricant for automobile spring bolts, it sometimes dries in the small holes and grooves that feed it to the bearing surfaces, thus preventing the parts from being properly lubricated, writes Odis Reynolds in Popular Science Monthly. This causes the bolts and spring eyes to wear out quickly. A



Using Thin Oil in Hard Grease Cups

way is illustrated whereby this condition may be remedied successfully by adopting oil cups for thin oil.

Drill a hole large enough to allow the oil to be poured in through the cap and threaded portion of the bolt as shown in the illustration. Then turn the cap half way around, thus completely closing the hole.

TO FIND CARBURETOR LEAKS

Excellent Plan Is to Immerse Suspected Part in Hot Water and Watch for Bubbles.

An excellent way to locate suspected leaks in the carburetor float is to immerse the part in hot water. In this way any gasoline in the interior will be vaporized and will force its way out of the hole, which may be located by watching for the bubbles to rise. The float should, of course, be removed from the water the instant the bubbles appear.

HOME GARAGE FLOOR SPACE

Absolute Minimum Will Be Found to Be Nothing Less Than Twelve by Twenty Feet.

In planning the home garage, remember that for a single car the minimum floor space will be 12 by 20 feet if you purpose doing any work on the vehicle in its shelter. Also these dimensions do not allow room for either a work bench or for storage space, they are simply the irreducible minimum.

BE CERTAIN VENT IS OPEN

A Little Attention to This Important Matter Will Frequently Save the Driver Annoyance.

Remember that gravity and vacuum feed gasoline systems have to have a vent in the tank which is in or around the filler cap. Look for this occasionally and run a wire through it to make sure that it is open. If it is not, you will have engine troubles that may puzzle you and take a long time to trace.

USE FOR SANDPAPER BLOCK

Motorist Will Find It Handy for Cleaning Up Punctures in the Inner Tubes.

Motorists who do their own tire repairing will find it well worth while to tack a piece of sandpaper to a cylindrical block of wood three inches in diameter and a foot long. For cleaning up punctures in inner tubes it is often handy to have small, flat or rounded sticks of wood wrapped with sandpaper.

This summer don't spend hours over a hot stove! Serve Libby's delicate Corned Beef chilled — it will give you an entirely new idea of how easily an appetizing summer meal can be prepared. Get a package from your grocer today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

HARD TO TRACE ITS DESCENT

Story of the Standard Yard and Its Origin Must Be Accepted With Some Reservation.

The picturesque story of the relation between the length of Henry I.'s arm and the standard yard which the lord chancellor will disinter from the walls of Westminster palace is one we should all like to accept, writes a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. But the historical standards have changed so often that there must be many gaps in the chain of descent. If the yard and the pound are as described they must be exact copies of the less romantic standards of the board of trade, which date from no later than 1884. And why prosy Victorians should have buried them in a wall is hard to understand. The oldest standard in existence, so far as I know, is the yard of Henry VII. which should be in the Jewel house, but as it has only 35.983 inches it is no longer good measure. Parliament had a standard troy pound and a new yard constructed in 1760. They were deposited with the clerk to the house of commons, but in the fire of 1834 the pound was lost and the yard injured. This yard was then lost sight of until 1891, when it was placed in the lobby of the clerk's residence, together with a standard "stone" of 14 pounds.

Matter of Covering.

The war was over and woman's dress had gone mad to make up for lost time. It was very brief and bright.

The young sub. on leave was staggered.

"How do you like my gown?" said his sister when dressed for a victory ball.

"It's—er—quite simple!" stammered the young man.

"Simple!" she laughed. "Do you know what it cost? Do you know twenty golden sovereigns, wouldn't cover it?"

"Perhaps not," said the disapproving youth, "But thirty might, well spread out!"

Nonchalance.

"Is Jibway in comfortable circumstances?"

"He tries to create that impression."

"How so?"

"He refers to his $10,000 bungalow as a 'shack.'"

YOUNGSTER WAS A DIPLOMAT

After His Explanation, What Was There for the "Slender" Schoolmistress to Do?

The principal of a certain Indiana school is very thin. Also she is very sensitive about this quality. At her school no one mentions it.

Recently several of her boys had a long series of quarrels with the boys of the neighboring ward school. The principal talked and talked against fighting, but with no results. The fighting continued. Finally, one day, she announced that she would give the combatants at her school a thrashing if any more frays followed. A long time and all was quiet. Then one day came the usual fight and, of course, the inevitable lining up for the "lickin'."

"Before I punish you, I want you to tell me what you were fighting about this time," the principal told the recreant ones.

9ll were silent, but finally the least fighter spoke up. "Well, the boys up at that building teased us and said that we had the skinniest principal in town, and we told them you weren't skinny at all, but slender, and then they began fighting.

Needless to say no one got thrashed.

John Henry Remembered.

John Henry, recently graduated from the infants' class in Sunday school, is the source of much pride to his parents on account of his rather remarkable ability to memorize easily. He seldom fails to repeat the text. One Sunday the lesson had been taken from the twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want; he maketh me lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

Early the following Monday morning, before the sun had dried the grass of dew, the little tot, literally wallowing on the lawn, was discovered by his mother.

"John Henry, get out of that wet grass and come here this minute," she exclaimed.

"But, mamma," he called back, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

Its Defi.

"That fog has no respect for the language purists."

"Why not?"

"Because it persists in taking things into its mist."

You Hesitate to Give Coffee to Children

Then why give it to grown folks? You can pleasantly solve the question of a table drink by giving all the family

Postum Cereal

Boiled full 15 minutes after boiling begins, it tastes much like superior coffee. It's an economy.

At Grocers.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c

SPECIAL SALE on MASON FRUIT JARS

(COMPLETE WITH RUBBERS AND TOPS)

This Sale is for Saturday Only

1500 Quart Mason Jars, per dozen - - -	$ .99
1200 Pint Mason Jars, per dozen - - -	.94
500 Lbs. Beefsteak Tomatoes (lug box), per Lb.	.03
1000 Lbs. Peaches (by the lug box), per Lb. -	.05 1-2
2000 Lbs. Watermelons, per Lb. - - -	.02

EVERY WATER MELON GUARANTEED TO BE PERFECT

Special Prices on All Vegetables and fruits

One delivery a day free of charge on any order of a dollar or more

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—because Zerolene meets with scientific accuracy the lubrication needs of the car. It is refined from selected California crude oil. Deposits least carbon. Get a Correct Lubrication Chart for your car.

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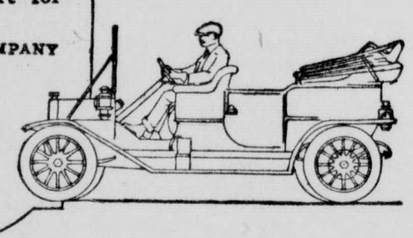
The Standard Oil ZEROLENE For Motor Cars



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They will ascertain for you without cost whether accommodations are available at any of them and at what cost.
They will advise you and assist you in shipping your own camp outfit to any point accessible in the mountains, and arrange for its return to your home destination after your vacation.
They will arrange all your transportation details gladly so that every feature of the journey may so far as possible be pleasant and your stay among the great trees of our own mountains the happiest days of your lives. Call upon them freely.

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NO ANGEL WHISPERS

I like to hear the mockingbird,
That sings quite near my door;
A raven I have never heard,
Quote sadly: "nevermore."

I like most any music,
Not quite bad as it can be;
Or without M, what makes u-sic
And soars way up in G.

I've prepared a fervent greeting,
For a serenade like that;
Rocks, wildly, madly fleeting,,
Presaged by the solo "scat!"

—A. L. Soran.

CAMOUFLAGED

Whatever else may happen
Since our country has gone dry,
The sailor still will have his port,
The farmer have his rye.
The cotton still will have its gin,
The seacoast still its bar,
And each of us will have a bier,
No matter who we are.

—Fillmore Sun.

The loss of booze don't matter,
Soft drinks can have a kick;
I order an ice cream soda
And drop in my printer stick.
Then when I get hungry
I don't envy any guy,
But toddle to the print shop
And eat some printer's pie.

HELP ADVERTISE SIERRA MADRE

When you write a letter to an eastern friend or relative ,throw in a line or two about the beauties and advantages of our town. In every letter say something that will inspire a desire on the part of your correspondent to want to live here. Always be alive to spread the gospel of "the joy of living" in Sierra Madre.

If every personal letter going east out of this place contained some such message or suggestion, the result would be greater than thousands of dollars spent in advertising throughout the midle and eastern states. And the cost is nothing, just a few pen strokes, and you'll feel better for having spread the glories of your home town.

ORGANIZE AMERICAN LEGION

An American Legion should be organzed here and it should be done now while so many service men are together.

Other towns of this neighborhood have already organized; Monrovia did so last week with fifteen charter members and started a drive for a big membership.

The American Legion will be the "G .A. R." of the future and eventually every service man will be a member, so let's get an early start and do it now.

At the Service Men's banquet tomorrow [illegible] would be a good time to talk it over, and get the signatures for an application for a charter.

AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN

A real estate deal was "queered" recently because a home knocker knocked, and the stranger was frightened away. The criticism against this loyal citizen is not only that he knocked, but that he also lied.

A CORRECTION

In the Rogers Silverware ad last week the name "Rogers" was mispelled by the insertion of a "d," but as the name was correctly spelled in several other places in the ad we presume the mistake was accepted as a typographical error.

AT THE CHURCHES

Bethany

W. H. Pike, Acting Pastor

11 a. m. subject, "A Life of Power."

7:30 p. m. subject, "Man's Absolute Necessity.'

Service held at the band stand.

Professor Mills that was with us last Sunday expects to be with us again this Sunday and sing for us; everybody should here this wonderful singer. The attendance is increasing each Sunday night. We invite all those that have no services in their churches Sunday evening during August, to gather with us at the open air services. Everybody welcome.

Church of the Ascension

The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector

Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.

Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.

There will be no Sunday School or evening Sunday service during August.

Services

Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.
Evening Prayer, 8:00 p. m.

Congregational

"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister
129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.

SUNDAY SERVICES

9:45 —Sunday School. George B. Morgridge, Supt.

11:00—Morning worship and sermon.

The pastor will occupy the pulpit Sunday morning.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m.

Subject, "Soul."

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

"OUR SOLDIERS AND OUR FLAG"

Sunday, August 17, at 11 o'clock at the Hartzell Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, Lamanda Park, General Archibald J. Sampson will speak on the above subject.

General Sampson has been a very prominent man in national and international affairs. At one time Attorney General for Colorado, Mexican Consul under Harrison, Envoy and Minister to Ecuador under McKinley and Roosevelt, and has traveled the world over. He is a wonderful observer and a thrilling speaker, and the citizens of Sierra Madre are cordially invited to hear him. The soldiers of the Civil War, both the blue and the gray, the Spanish-American and the "late unpleasantness," are all especially invited. The Pasadena Grand Army post will attend in a body accompanied by their drum corps.

Automobile Tops, Tires, Batteries, Vulcanizing, Retreading that lasts.

Sierra Madre work solicited. Work called for and delivered.
A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

Common Sense Tire and Auto Equipment Co., Inc.

34 WEST UNION ST., PASADENA
Near City Hall

Automobile Repairing

NEW TIRES, VULCANIZING, RE-TREADING AND BATTERY REPAIRS.
HIGH GRADE GASOLINE AND OIL.
NIGHT CALLS PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

C. M. JEFFRIES GARAGE

Phone Blue 22 Rear of Welsher's Store

FOR GOOD WORK

Let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888
Phone Green 80 **Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.**

Olsen's Shoe Shop

Modern Machinery, Careful Workmanship,
Prices Moderate, Satisfaction Guaranteed
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

34 BALDLWIN AVE. HENRY OLSEN

SIERRA MADRE MILLS

ENTIRE NEW PROCESS

Fine Graham Flour **Entire Wheat for Mush**
White and Yellow Corn Meal **Custom Work Done for Table or Feed**

V. L. GRAHAM

S. E. Cor. Auburn and Montecito P. O. Box 184

Alfred's Pure Ice Cream

CANDY ROASTED PEANUTE
CIGARS TOBACCO
and SOFT DRINKS

First Door East P. O. [illegible]titt's News Stand
Phone Green [illegible]

Include POLISHES

WHEN ORDERING OTHER GOODS

Jet Oil Shoe Polish, bottle	13c
Sherwite, for white shoes, bottle	13c
2 in 1, for black shoes, box	13c
Shinola, for black shoes, box	10c
Shinola, for tan shoes, box	10c
Parrot Polish, for Metal, ½ pint can	15c
Parrot Polish, for Metal, 1 pint can	25c
Enameline, liquid for stoves, can	10c

FREE AUTO DELIVERY

Specials for Saturday Only

Puffed Wheat, per package	13c
Shredded Wheat Biscuit, per package	13c
Quaker Oats, per package	13c
Post Toasties, per package	13c
Grape Nuts, per package	13c

Store Closes at 12 o'clock each Thursday during July and August

Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12 — 291 W. Central Ave.

Sensible Six

44 H. P.

$1275

AT SIERRA MADRE
including War Tax

Price protected until January 1, 1920.

...t to tell you and show you why it is the best value and most ...omical car to own. Call or phone for demonstration.

Sierra Madre Garage

Milton Steinberger, Prop.

PHONE MAIN 110 — 37-45 W. Central Ave.

COAL

ORDER YOUR WINTER SUPPLY NOW

Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

PHONE MAIN 50 — KERSTING BLOCK

The NEWS - Job Printing

Buy Poultry Feed, Grain, Hay,

POULTRY REMEDIES, HOG FEED, ETC., AT LOWEST PRICES

J. W. STRICKLAND

1?9 ESPERANZA STREET — Tel. Red 143

CHRISTOPHER'S ICE CREAM

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

F. H. HARTMAN & SON.

...N. BALDWIN AVE. PHONE...

LOCAL ITEMS

News on every page. Read it all.

Read the Wantads on the last page.

Miss Leioa Kellogg is assisting in Pettitt's news stand.

Mrs. W. W. Alley returned from a weeks' visit at Catalina Island Tuesday.

Want to buy something? Try a wantad and you'll be surprised at the result.

Dance tonight at the Woman's Club. All service men invited as guests of the club.

Ernest Bockman returned from San Francisco, where he spent his vacation, Sunday.

Sierra Madre is the most beautiful town in California—and the most healthful as well.

Miss Ella Shepherd Bush left, Saturday, for a two weeks' visit with friends at San Francisco.

B. F. Jones of Memphis, Tenn., is visiting his brother, Woodson F. Jones, for a couple of weeks.

That the Sierra Madre Hospital will "fill a long felt want" is proven by the liberal partonage it is receiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Alley and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Alley, leave today for a two weeks' outing at Idyllwild.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Binford left Sunday for a three weeks' touring trip through the northern part of the state.

There will be no extra charge on your telephone bill for the items you may wish to send in to the News office.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Tilden of Los Angeles are in charge of the Binford restaurant while the proprietor is taking a vacation.

Al G. Ruland, an old time printer, lately of El Monte, blew in to exchange fraternal courtesies Friday, on his way to Los Angeles.

H. T. Fennel and family, accompanied by Dorotha Scott, motored to Covina on business Tuesday, then drove around by San Pedro to see the big boats.

W. S. Andrews and son, Raymond, will leave Sunday for a vacation and automobile tour to San Francisco and the Yosemite. They will return in about two weeks.

Frank Hindebrandt's new home on South Hermosa is nearing completion, only lacking the interior finishing and decorations. It will be ready for the family in three or four weeks.

O. Hare and family drove to Long Beach last Friday to visit relatives. During the visit they boarded a battleship and felt of the guns that shoot 20 miles. They returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Anna Chalmers and little son burro'd it to Fern Lodge the first of last week for a vacation and rest. They returned Monday, enthusiastic about the beauties and accommodations of the camp.

L. J. Varney and family returned from a two weeks' tour through the northern part of the state the first of the week. Mr. Varney says the more he sees of other locations, the better he likes Sierra Madre.

Charles Downes came down from Strathmore the first of the week to visit home folks and attend the Service men's reception. He is learning the vulcanizing business and likes it, but says he is always glad to get back to Sierra Madre.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Olsen drove down from Fresno last Thursday to visit relatives here. When they returned Tuesday his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Olsen, accompanied them as far as Santa Barbara, where they bid them goodbye and returned on the train.

The bicycle of Master Dale Langley, usually a peaceable and obedient machine, kicked out sideways last week and when Dale woke up a part of his face had scraped off on the pavement. At present he looks li... a defeated pugilist —but he... livering his daily papers o... the same.

...e, becaus... is the crea... hich, if fostered ... and to find expres...

Alhambra Advocate: Aqu... ter enough to supply all of California that's willing to fa... annexation stuff, has been the... many moons yet they are "... dange...

Sent by Paris. ...gerie dresses that...

down 100 wells to supplement the Los Angeles aqueduct. Listens like a nigger in the wood pile somewhere, doesn't it ?

Wade Brunson went to Santa Monica Wednesday for a short visit with the family of Geo. H. Letteau, who are spending the summer there.

Earl Topping will chaperone a hunting party composed of A. M. Udell, J. F. Sadler and L. E. Steinberger, up above Bakersfield, in the high Sierra mountains. Look out for big stories in about ten days, when they return.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Justin and son of Tuscaloosa, Alabam,a visited the family of his cousin, Mr. Howard Hill, this week. They spent the day at Catalina Island Wednesday and express themseives as delighted with Southern California and the beauties of Sierra Madre.

Sergt. Lisle Foord returned from France on the George Washington, with President Wilson, about a month ago and reached his home here the last of last week, with his discharge. He left for Barstow Tuesday, and is now back on his old job as yardmaster for the Santa Fe.

Don't forget the free flower seed demonstration at the band stand a week from tomorrow, Saturday, August 23, at 3 p. m. Come and receive instructions in planting and raising our municipal flower, the calendula. Seeds free at Woodson F. Jones' store Remember the date, August 23-skiddoo.

Thomas Swartz, Frank Foster, Otto Elsner, of this place, and Mr. Cooper of Lamanda Park, left Monday night with a pack train for a deer hunt in the mountains north of town. They will be absent a couple of weeks and although they expect to procure plenty of game for food, they took enough canned goods along to last a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Humphries, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Hawxhurst, Miss Blumer, and Miss Mae Elwood of Kansas, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Humphries on Saturday. Miss Mae Elwood, after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Humphries, returned to Los Angeles on Sunday with her brother Alfred and Miss Humphries.

'PHONE US THE NEWS

The News wants all of the home news and will appreciate items that come in over the phone.

DEATH OF FORMER SIERRA MADRE PASTOR

Rev. E. E. P. Abbott passed away, at his home in San Diego, shortly before midnight on Monday, August 11, at the age of 78 years.

Mr. Abbott was pastor of the Congregational church in this city for ten years, 1888 to 1898, during which time he endeared himself to many of the older families of the place, who will be grieved to hear of his death. He went from Sierra Madre to Chula Vista, where he had another pastorate of ten years. He then spent two and a half years with the Logan Heights Congregational church in San Diego. Retiring from active service because of increasing deafness, he was made Pastor Emeritus of that church and continued in that relation till it was dissolved by his recent death.

There is news on every page . Read it all.

MAURICE GOLDBERG RETURNS

The Goldberg family are only paying attention to one thing this week, Maurice, the soldier son and brother, who returned from France Tuesday.

For months and months last spring no word was received from Maurice by the home folks and all sorts of things were imagined as to his possible fate, then one of the several letters he had written finally found its way to Sierra Madre, and the town rejoiced with the family when it learned that he was all right.

Maurice landed in New York a couple of weeks ago and was discharged at San Francisco Saturday. When he came in the News office his face was spread in a broad grin which was reflected in the happy faces of his sisters who would not let him get out of sight. "Gee," he said, "it's good to get back again!"

Read the wantads—last page.

FREE FLOWER SEEDS

...announced last week, the Board ... will give away calendula ... parties who will plant them ... urged that everybody who ...t of ground where they may ..., call at Woodson F. Jones' ... secure a package, as the ... now ready for distribution. ...s will...

our float in the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena next winter, but meantime they will beautify your yard or parking and incidentally brighten up the whole town.

W. W. Felgate, our florist of more than local reputation, who admits that he can grow flowers better than most people, has consented to give a public demonstration of planting the seeds together with instructions regarding the care of the growing plant at the city flower garden (band stand) Saturday, August 23, at 3 p. m. Mr. Felgate bantered the writer for a flower race, asserting that his calendula seeds would be up three days before ours and that his flowers would be stronger, prettier, larger and ahead of ours in growth and bloom. We hereby extend the contest to everybody and urge all that can possibly spare a half hour to come down to the band stand a week from tomorrow and learn exactly how he does it, and th... go home ... help us beat his...

GROCERIES and VEGETABLES

1 pint Kerr Mason Jars, per dozen	$1.15
1 quart Kerr Mason Jars ,per doz.	1.25
½ Gallon Kerr Mason Jars, per dozen	1.35
1 paint Kerr Wide Mouth Jar, per dozen	1.35
1 quart Kerr Wide Mouth Jars,, per dozen	1.50
½ Gallon Kerr Wide Mouth Jars, per dozen	1.75
Eonomy Caps, 1 dozen	35c
Regular Mason Caps, 1 dozen	35c
Regular Mason Lids, 1 dozen	15c
Wide Mouth Lids, 1 dozen	20c
10 lbs. Pure Cane Sugar	$1.05
100 lbs. Pure Can Sugar	10.25
Fresh Peaches, 4 lbs. for	25c
Fresh Tomatoes, 3 lbs. for	10c
Watermelon, black seed, per lb.	2c
Sweet Potatoes, per lb. ....9c; 4 lbs for	35c
Rockford Cantaloupe, 6 for	25c
Potatoes, 7 lbs. for	25c

C. M. Nomura

PHONE MAIN 46 — BANK BUILDING

SIERRA MADRE HOSPITAL

A Quiet Home for Non-Contagious Diseases

GEO. W. GROTH, D. O., M. D.

Phone Blue 144 — 122 N. Baldwin Ave.

WALK-OVER

SEMI-ANNUAL SALE

Walk-Over

LOW SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

FOR 45 years WALK-OVER Footwear has been the accepted standard of quality and style. These clearance prices present an exceptional opportunity for substantial saving on seasonable models in all leathers.

$4.35 to $6.35 — $6.85 to $9.85

Bassett's WALK-OVER Store

36 E. Colorado Street

Pasadena Cal.

"WALKOVERS FOR QUALITY, BASSETT'S FOR SERVICE."

Red Flowering Eucalyptus Trees

EXTEMELY ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR YARD OR AVENUE PLANTING.

* * *

STRONG TREES FROM 50c TO $1.50 EACH

* * *

WARD NURSERY

Corner Mo...tai...

The Magnificent Ambersons

By Booth Tarkington

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company.

A DARK-EYED LITTLE BEAUTY OF NINETEEN.

Synopsis.—Major Amberson had made a fortune in 1873 when other people were losing fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then. Major Amberson laid out a 200-acre "development," with roads and statuary, and in the center of a four-acre tract, on Amberson avenue, built for himself the most magnificent mansion Midland City had ever seen. When the major's daughter married young Wilbur Minafer the neighbors predicted that as Isabel could never really love Wilbur all her love would be bestowed upon the children. There is only one child, however, George Amberson Minafer, and his upbringing and his youthful accomplishments as a mischief maker are quite in keeping with the most pessimistic predictions.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

—2—

"Your sister stole it for me!" George instantly replied, checking the pony. "She stole it off our clo'esline an' gave it to me."

"You go get your hair cut!" said the stranger hotly. "Yah! I haven't got any sister!"

"I know you haven't at home," Georgie responded. "I mean the one that's in jail."

"I dare you to get down off that pony!"

Georgie jumped to the ground, and the other boy descended from the Rev. Mr. Smith's gatepost—but he descended inside the gate. "I dare you outside that gate," said Georgie.

"Yah! I dare you half way here. I dare you—"

But these were luckless challenges, for Georgie immediately vaulted the fence—and four minutes later Mrs. Malloch Smith, hearing strange noises, looked forth from a window; then screamed, and dashed for the pastor's study. Mr. Malloch Smith, that grim-bearded preacher, came to the front yard and found his visiting nephew being rapidly prepared by Master Minafer to serve as a principal figure in a pageant of massacre. It was with great physical difficulty that Mr. Smith managed to give his nephew a chance to escape into the house, for Georgie was hard and quick, and in such matters remarkably intense; but the minister, after a grotesque tussle, got him separated from his opponent and shook him.

"You stop that, you!" Georgie cried fiercely, and wrenched himself away. "I guess you don't know who I am!"

"Yes, I do know!" the angered Mr. Smith retorted. "I know who you are, and you're a disgrace to your mother! Your mother ought to be ashamed of herself to allow—"

"Shut up about my mother bein' ashamed of herself!"

Mr. Smith, exasperated, was unable to close the dialogue with dignity. "She ought to be ashamed," he repeated. "A woman that lets a bad boy like you—"

But Georgie had reached his pony and mounted. Before setting off at his accustomed gallop he paused to interrupt the Rev. Malloch Smith again. "You pull down your vest, you ole billygoat, you!" he shouted, distinctly. "Pull down your vest, wipe off your chin—an' go to h—!"

Such precocity is less unusual, even in children of the Rich, than most grown people imagine. However, it was a new experience for the Rev. Malloch Smith, and left him in a state of excitement. He at once wrote a note to George's mother, describing the crime according to his nephew's testimony, and the note reached Mrs. Minafer before Georgie did. When he got home she read it to him sorrowfully.

"Dear Madam: Your son has caused a painful distress in my household. He made an unprovoked attack upon a little nephew of mine who is visiting in my household, insulted him by calling him vicious names and falsehoods, stating that ladies of his family were in jail. He then tried to make his pony kick him, and when the child, who is only eleven years old, while your son is much older and stronger endeavored to avoid his indigni... withdraw quietly, he pursued ...e inclosure of my property and ...saulted him. When I appeared ...cene he deliberately called in...is to me, concluding with pro... as "go to h—," which was ...ly by myself but by my wife ... who lives next door. I trust ... of undisciplined behavior ...led for the sake of the rep...priety, if nothing higher, of ...which this unruly child be..."

...d muttered various inter..., and as she concluded the ...ng he said:

"...e's an ole liar!"

"Georgie, you mustn't say 'liar.' ...'t this letter the truth?"

"Well," said Georgie, "how old am ...?"

"Ten."

"Well, look how he says I'm older than a boy eleven years old."

"That's true," said Isabel. "He does. But isn't some of it true, Georgie?"

Georgie felt himself to be in a difficulty here, and he was silent.

"George, did you say what he says you did?"

"Which one?"

"Did you tell him to—to— Did you say, 'Go to h—?'"

Georgie looked worried for a moment longer; then he brightened. "Listen here, mamma; grandpa wouldn't wipe his shoe on that ole story teller, would he?"

"Georgie, you mustn't—"

"I mean: none of the Ambersons wouldn't ha... ... do with him, would they? He doesn't even know you, does he, mamma?"

"That hasn't anything to do with it."

"Yes, it has! I mean: none of the Amberson family go to see him, and they never have him come in their house; they wouldn't ask him to, and prob'ly wouldn't even let him."

"That isn't what we're talking about."

"I bet," said Georgie emphatically, "I bet if he wanted to see any of 'em, he'd haf to go around to the side door!"

"No, dear, they—"

"Yes, they would, mamma! So what does it matter if I say somep'm' to him he didn't like? That kind o' people, I don't see why you can't say anything you want to to 'em!"

"No, Georgie. And you haven't answered me whether you said that dreadful thing he says you did."

"Well—" said Georgie. "Anyway, he said somep'm' to me that made me mad." And upon this point he offered no further details; he would not explain to his mother that what had made him "mad" was Mr. Smith's hasty condemnation of herself: "Your mother ought to be ashamed," and "A woman that lets a bad boy like you—" Georgie did not even consider excusing himself by quoting these insolences.

Isabel stroked his head. "They were terrible words for you to use, dear. From his letter he doesn't seem a very tactful person, but—"

"He's just riffraff," said Georgie.

"You mustn't say so," his mother gently agreed. "Where did you learn those bad words he speaks of? Where did you hear anyone use them?"

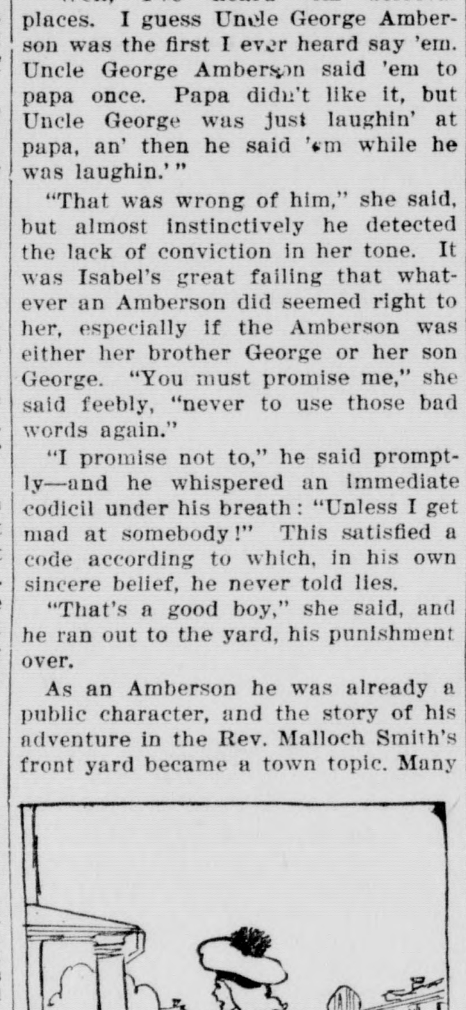
"Well, I've heard 'em serreval places. I guess Uncle George Amberson was the first I ever heard say 'em. Uncle George Amberson said 'em to papa once. Papa didn't like it, but Uncle George was just laughin' at papa, an' then he said 'em while he was laughin.'"

"That was wrong of him," she said, but almost instinctively he detected the lack of conviction in her tone. It was Isabel's great failing that whatever an Amberson did seemed right to her, especially if the Amberson was either her brother George or her son George. "You must promise me," she said feebly, "never to use those bad words again."

"I promise not to," he said promptly—and he whispered an immediate codicil under his breath: "Unless I get mad at somebody!" This satisfied a code according to which, in his own sincere belief, he never told lies.

"That's a good boy," she said, and he ran out to the yard, his punishment over.

As an Amberson he was already a public character, and the story of his adventure in the Rev. Malloch Smith's front yard became a town topic. Many



"Pull Down Your Vest, You Ole Billy-goat."

people glanced at him with great distaste thereafter, when they chanced to encounter him, which meant nothing to Georgie, because he innocently believed most grown people to be necessarily cross looking as a normal phenomenon resulting from the adult state; and he failed to comprehend that the distasteful glances had any personal bearing upon himself. If he had perceived such a bearing he would have been affected only so far, probably, as to mutter, "Riffraff!" Possibly he would have shouted it; and certainly most people believed a story that went round the town just after Mrs. Amberson's funeral, when Georgie was eleven. Georgie was reported to have differed with the undertaker about the seating of the family; his indignant voice had become audible: "Well, who is the most important person at my own grandmother's funeral?" And later he had projected his head from the window of the foremost mourners' carriage, as the undertaker happened to pass.

"Riffraff!"

There were people—grown people they were—who expressed themselves longingly: they did hope to live to see the day, they said, when that boy would get his come-upance! (They used that honest word, so much better than "deserts," and not until many years later to be more clumsily rendered as "what is coming to him.") Something was bound to take him down some day, and they only wanted to be there! But Georgie heard nothing of this, and the yearners for his taking down went unsatisfied, while their yearning grew the greater as the happy day of fulfillment was longer and longer postponed.

CHAPTER III.

Until he reached the age of twelve Georgie's education was a domestic process; tutors came to the house, and those citizens who yearned for his taking down often said: "Just wait till he has to go to public school; then he'll get it!" But at twelve Georgie was sent to a private school in the town, and there came from this small and independent institution no report, or even rumor, of Georgie's getting anything that he was thought to deserve; therefore the yearning still persisted, though growing gaunt with feeding upon itself.

The yearners were still yearning when Georgie at sixteen was sent away to a great "prep school." "Now," they said brightly, "he'll get it! He'll find himself among boys just as important in their home town as he is, and they'll knock the stuffing out of him when he puts on his airs with them! Oh, but that would be worth something to see!" They were mistaken, it appeared, for when Georgie returned a few months later he still seemed to have the same stuffing. He had been deported by the authorities, the offense being stated as "insolence and profanity;" in fact, he had given the principal of the school instructions almost identical with those formerly objected to by the Rev. Malloch Smith.

But he had not got his come-upance, and those who counted upon it were embittered by his appearance upon the downtown streets driving a dog-cart at a criminal speed, making pedestrians retreat from the crossings, and behaving himself as if he "owned the earth."

When Mr. George Amberson Minafer came home for the holidays at Christmastide in his sophomore year, probably no great change had taken place inside him, but his exterior was visibly altered. Nothing about him encouraged any hope that he had received his come-upance; on the contrary, the yearners for that stroke of justice must yearn even more itchingly: the gilded youth's manner had become polite, but his politeness was of a kind which democratic people found hard to bear.

Cards were out for a ball in his honor, and this pageant of the tenantry was held in the ballroom of the Amberson mansion the night after his arrival. It was, as Mrs. Henry Franklin Foster said of Isabel's wedding, "a big Amberson-style thing." All "old citizens" recognized as gentry received cards, and of course so did their dancing descendants.

The orchestra and the caterer were brought from away, in the Amberson manner, though this was really a gesture—perhaps one more of habit than of ostentation—for servitors of gayety as proficient as these importations were nowadays to be found in the town. It was the last of the great, long-remembered dances that "everybody talked about"—there were getting to be so many people in town that no later than the next year there were too many for "everybody" to hear of even such a ball as the Ambersons'.

George, white-gloved, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, stood with his mother and the Major, embowered in the big red-and-gold drawing room downstairs, to "receive" the guests; and, standing thus together, the trio offered a picturesque example of good looks persistent through three generations. The Major, his daughter and his grandson were of a type all Amberson: tall, straight and regular, with dark eyes, short noses, good chins; and the grandfather's expression, no less than the grandson's, was one of faintly amused condescension. There was a difference, however. The grandson's unlined young face had nothing to offer except this condescension; the grandfather's had other things to say. It was a handsome, worldly old face, conscious of its importance, but persuasive rather than arrogant, and not without tokens of sufferings withstood. The Major's short white hair was parted in the middle, like his grandson's, and in all he stood as briskly equipped to the fashion as the exquisite young George.

Isabel, standing between her father and her son, caused a vague amazement in the mind of the latter. Her age, just under forty, was for George a thought of something as remote as the moons of Jupiter: he could not possibly have conceived such an age ever coming to be his own: five years was the limit of his thinking in time. Five years ago he had been a child not yet fourteen; and those five years were an abyss. Five years hence he would be almost twenty-four; what the girls he knew called "one of the older men." He could imagine himself at twenty-four, but beyond that his powers staggered and refused the task. He saw little essential difference between thirty-eight and eighty-eight, and his mother was to him not a woman but wholly a mother. The woman, Isabel, was a stranger to her son; as completely a stranger as if he had never in his life seen her or heard her voice. And it was tonight, while he stood with her, "receiving," that he caught a disquieting glimpse of this stranger whom he thus fleetingly encountered for the first time.

Youth cannot imagine romance apart from youth. That is why the roles of the heroes and heroines of plays are given by the managers to the most youthful actors they can find among the competent. Both middle-aged people and young people enjoy a play about young lovers; but only middle-aged people will tolerate a play about middle-aged lovers; young people will not come to see such a play, because for them middle-aged lovers are a joke—not a very funny one. Therefore, to bring both the middle-aged people and the young people into his house the manager makes his romance as young as he con. Youth will indeed be served, and its profound instinct is to be not only scornfully amused but vaguely angered by middle-aged romance. So, standing beside his mother, George was disturbed by a sudden impression, coming upon him out of nowhere, so far as he could detect, that her eyes were brilliant, that she was graceful and youthful—in a word that she was romantically lovely.

He had one of those curious moments that seem to have neither a cause nor any connection with actual things. There was nothing in either her looks or her manner to explain George's uncomfortable feeling; and yet it increased, becoming suddenly a vague resentment, as if she had done something unmotherly to him.

The fantastic moment passed; and even while it lasted he was doing his duty, greeting two pretty girls with whom he had grown up, as people say, and warmly assuring them that he remembered them very well—an assurance which might have surprised them "in anybody but Georgie Minafer!" It seemed unnecessary, since he had spent many hours with them no longer than the preceding August. They had with them their parents and an uncle from out of town; and George negligently gave the parents the same assurance he had given the daughters, but murmured another form of greeting to the out-of-town uncle, whom he had never seen before. This person George absently took note of as a "queer-looking duck." Undergraduates had not yet adopted "bird." It was a period previous to that in which a sophomore would have thought of the Sharon girls' uncle as a "queer-looking bird," or, perhaps, a "funny-face bird." In George's time every human male was to be defined at pleasure as a "duck;" but "duck" was not spoken with admiring affection, as in its former feminine use to signify a "dear"—on the contrary, "duck" implied the speaker's personal detachment and humorous superiority. An indifferent amusement was what George felt when his mother, with a gentle emphasis, interrupted his interchange of courtesies with the nieces to present him to the queer-looking duck, their uncle. This emphasis of Isabel's, though slight, enabled George to perceive that she considered the queer-looking duck a person of some importance; but it was far from enabling him to understand why. The duck parted his thick and longish black hair on the side; his tie was a forgetful-looking thing, and his coat, though it fitted a good-enough middle-aged figure, no product of this year, or of last year either. Observing only his unfashionable hair, his preoccupied tie and his old coat, the Olympic George set him down as a qu... a thri...g duck, and having thus con... ...trait took no inter- ... passed on, taking ...uck with them, and ...k with mortifica- called his attention ...d guest waiting to This was George's ...ohn Minafer: it was ...hat in spite of his connection by marriage with the Ambersons he never had worn and never would wear a swaller-tail coat. Members of his family had exerted their influence uselessly—at eighty-nine conservative people seldom form radical new habits, and old John wore his "Sunday suit" of black broadcloth to the Amberson ball. The coat was square, with skirts to the knees; old John called it a "Prince Albert" and was well enough pleased with it, but his great-nephew considered it the next thing to an insult.

The large room had filled, and so had the broad hall and the rooms on the other side of the hall, where there were tables for whist. The imported orchestra waited in the ballroom on the third floor, but a local harp, 'cello, violin and flute were playing airs from "The Fencing Master" in the hall, and people were shouting over the music. Old John Minafer's voice was louder and more penetrating than any other, because he had been troubled with deafness for twenty-five years, heard his own voice but faintly, and liked to hear it. "Smell o' flowers like this always puts me in mind o' funerals," he kept telling his niece, Fanny Minafer, who was with him; and he seemed to get a great deal of satisfaction out of this reminder. His tremulous yet strident voice cut through the voluminous sound that filled the room, and he was heard everywhere.

Presently George's mortification was increased to hear this sawmill droning harshly from the midst of the thickening crowd: "Ain't the dancin' broke out yet, Fanny? Hoopla! Le's push through and go see the young women folks crack their heels! Start the circus! Hoopsey-daisy!" Miss Fanny Minafer, in charge of the lively veteran, was almost as distressed as her nephew George, but she did her duty and managed to get old John through the press and out to the broad stairway, which numbers of young people were now ascending to the ballroom. George began to recover from the degradation into which this relic of early settler days had dragged him. What restored him completely was a dark-eyed little beauty of nineteen, very knowing in lustrous blue and jet; at sight of this dashing advent in the line of guests before him George was fully an Amberson again.

"Remember you very well indeed!" he said, his graciousness more earnest than any he had heretofore displayed. Isabel heard him and laughed.

"But you don't, George!" she said. "You don't remember her yet, though of course you will! Miss Morgan is from out of town, and I'm afraid this is the first time you've ever seen her. You might take her up to the dancing; I think you've pretty well done your duty here."

"Be d'lighted," George responded formally, and offered his arm, not with a flourish, certainly, but with an impressiveness inspired partly by the appearance of the person to whom he offered it, partly by his being the hero of this fete, and partly by his youthfulness—for when manners are new they are apt to be elaborate. The little beauty intrusted her gloved fingers to his coatsleeve, and they moved away together.

As he conducted Miss Morgan through the hall toward the stairway they passed the open double doors of a cardroom, where some squadrons of older people were preparing for action, and, leaning gracefully upon the mantelpiece of this room, a tall man, handsome, high-mannered and sparklingly point-device, held laughing converse with that queer-looking duck, the Sharon girls' uncle. The tall gentleman waved a gracious salutation to George, and Miss Morgan's curiosity was stirred. "Who is that?"

"I didn't catch his name when my mother presented him to me," said George. "You mean the queer-looking duck."

"I mean the aristocratic duck."

"That's my Uncle George. Honorable George Amberson. I thought everybody knew him."

"He looks as though everybody ought to know him," she said. "It seems to run in your family."

If she had any sly intention it skipped over George harmlessly. "Well, of course, I suppose most everybody does," he admitted—"out in this part of the country especially. Besides Uncle George is in congress; the family like to have someone there."

"Why?"

"Well, it's sort of a good thing in one way. For instance, Uncle Sydney Amberson and his wife, Aunt Amelia, they haven't much of anything to do with themselves—get bored to death around here, of course. Well, probably Uncle George'll have Uncle Sydney appointed minister or ambassador or something like that, to Russia or Italy or somewhere, and that'll make it pleasant when any of the rest of the family go traveling, or things like that. I expect to do a good deal of traveling myself when I get out of college."

Sydney was an Amberson exaggerated—more pompous th... gracious; too portly, flushed ... to a shine, his stately ... ward the Seventh beard. Amelia, likewise full-bodied, showed glittering blond hair exuberantly dressed: a pink, fat face cold under a white-hot tiara; a solid, cold bosom under a white-hot necklace; great, cold, gloved arms, and the rest of her beautifully upholstered. As George ascended the broad stairway they were precisely the aunt and uncle he was most pleased to point out to a girl from out of town, as his appurtenances in the way of relatives. At sight of them the grandeur of the Amberson family was instantly conspicuous as a permanent thing: it was impossible to doubt that the Ambersons were intrenched, in their nobility and riches, behind polished and glittering barriers which were as solid as they were brilliant, and would last.

CHAPTER IV.

The hero of the fete, with the dark-eyed little beauty upon his arm, reached the top of the second flight of stairs; and here, beyond a spacious landing, where two proud-like darkies tended a crystalline punch bowl, four wide archways in a rose-vine lattice framed gliding silhouettes of waltzers, already smoothly at it to the castanets of "La Paloma." Old John Minafer, evidently surfeited, was in the act of leaving these delights escorted by a middle-aged man of commonplace appearance. The escort had a dry, lined face upon which, not ornamentally but as a matter of course, there grew a business man's short mustache; and his thin neck showed an Adam's apple, but not conspicuously, for there was nothing conspicuous about him. Baldish, dim, quiet, he was an unnotice-

George Danced Well and Miss Morgan Seemed to Float.

able part of this festival, and although there were a dozen or more middle-aged men present, not casually to be distinguished from him in general aspect, he was probably the last person in the big house at whom a stranger would have glanced twice. It did not enter George's mind to mention to Miss Morgan that this was his father, or to say anything whatever about him.

Mr. Minafer shook his son's hand unobtrusively in passing.

"I'll take Uncle John home," he said in a low voice. "Then I guess I'll go on home myself—I'm not a great hand at parties, you know. Good night, George."

George murmured a friendly enough good night without pausing. Ordinarily he was not ashamed of the Minafers; he seldom thought about them at all, for he belonged, as most American children do, to the mother's family—but he was anxious not to linger with Miss Morgan in the vicinity of old John, whom he felt to be a disgrace.

He pushed brusquely through the fringe of calculating youths who were gathered in the arches, watching for chances to dance only with girls who would soon be taken off their hands, and led his stranger lady out upon the floor. They caught the time instantly, and were away in the waltz.

George danced well, and Miss Morgan seemed to float as part of the music, the very dove itself of "La Paloma." George became conscious of strange feelings within him: an exaltation of soul, tender but indefinite, and seemingly located in the upper part of his diaphragm.

The stopping of the music came upon him like the waking to an alarm clock; for instantly six or seven of the calculating persons about the entryways bore down upon Miss Morgan to secure dances. George had to do with one already established as a belle, it seemed.

"Old times starting all over again! My Lord!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One for Mamma.

I sent my small daughter into the front room to do some dusting. Not hearing her around, I stepped quietly into the room and found her sitting idly by the window with her work unfinished. I said to her: "Don't you know Satan finds work for idle hands to do?" She quickly replied: "He must be something like you."—Exchange.

Our Woman's Department

¶ This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

The KITCHEN CABINET

I think he conquers all who wins content.
Take what you may
Of proffered good: accept life as it stands
And make the most of its swift-fleeting days.

FISH AND WAYS OF COOKING IT.

Select fish with firm flesh, clear eyes, red gills, scales bright and free from any unpleasant odor. As soon as it is caught or bought it should be scaled, cleaned and well washed. After cleaning place on a large plate in a cool place until it is ready to be cooked.

To boil fish, wipe it carefully, dust well with salt and wrap in a cheese cloth four inches longer than the fish. Place in a kettle of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt, a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, a slice of onion and a bit of celery. Cover the kettle and let it just simmer ten minutes to the pound. Lift out carefully and turn the fish upon a folded napkin on a hot platter. Garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley and serve with a drawn butter sauce.

Planked Whitefish.—One may have a delicious planked fish at home which may be served to perfection, if one has a gas or coal range. Secure a two-inch plank made from hard wood, oak, hickory or maple, a groove running around the plank two inches or less (in from the edge), will hold the juices from flowing over. Have the fish split down the back and place it skin side down on the plank after heating it so hot that the hand cannot be held an instant upon it. Season the fish with salt and pepper, baste with butter and place in a hot oven to bake thirty minutes, basting two or three times. When the fish is done, take it from the oven, garnish with parsley and lemon slices and send to the table on the plank, place on a tray a little larger than the plank. The longer the plank is used the better flavor it gives to the fish. Scrape the plank to remove any charred wood and carefully cover it when not in use, and it will last for years. If one wishes to roast the fish before an open fire, the ideal way, tack the fish on the board and stand it before the fire.

Frying Small Fish—The old saying is that "small fish should swim twice, once in water and once in oil."

If you've anything good to say to a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest;
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.

HOT WEATHER DISHES.

During the warm weather cold meats and meat loaves are popular, as they may be prepared the day before using, keeping well for several days on ice.

Jellied Veal—Wipe a knuckle of veal and cut it into pieces, put it into a kettle with two quarts of water, bring slowly to the simmering point and simmer for two hours; then add two onions, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, twelve whole cloves, six pepper corns, half a teaspoonful of ground allspice and simmer one hour longer. Take out the knuckle, carefully remove the bones and put the meat into a square mold. Boil the liquor until reduced to one quart, strain, add a quarter of a cup of good vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste, pour it over the meat and set away to cool over night. When cold turn it carefully out of the mold.

Veal Loaf—Chop three and one-half pounds of veal and a half pound of ham, both uncooked; add to them one cupful of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of onion juice, half a teaspoonful each of pepper, sage, cloves and allspice, mix thoroughly with two well beaten eggs and press into a pan to mold. Turn out on a baking pan and brush with beaten egg and bake in a slow oven for two hours, basting three or four times while baking with butter and boiling water.

Italian Cheese.—Take one pound of veal, one and one-half pounds of calf's liver, half a pound of ham, one small onion, half a teaspoonful of sage, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one-fourth of a box of gelatine, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of black pepper and a dash of cayenne. Wash the liver, cover with boiling water and let stand five minutes, then drain and dry. Chop the liver, the veal, the ham (all uncooked) very fine; then add the sage, parsley, salt, pepper, cayenne and onion grated. Mix well. Grease a mold and press the meat tightly into it, cover and steam three hours. Remove the cover and pour off the broth and add to it the gelatine which has been soaking in cold water to cover for half an hour.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

MORE SALADS.

Sweet salads make a most dainty dessert, which is easy to prepare and much more wholesome in hot weather than puddings and heavy desserts.

Banana With Raspberries.—Peel small bananas and cut in halves lengthwise, spread with raspberry jam or the fresh fruit crushed and sweetened, lay on a lettuce leaf and serve with a sour cream dressing or with a simple French dressing.

Dutch Salad.—Arrange well washed and drained lettuce in a bowl. Pour over three or four tablespoonfuls of hot bacon fat, season with salt and pepper, then add a tablespoonful or two of hot vinegar. Serve sprinkled with bits of fried bacon or minced ham.

The average boiled dressing is spoiled by the addition of too much mustard. It is safe to cut down nearly all proportions of mustard in most recipes one-half and in many three-fourths. One-fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard is sufficient to season an ordinary recipe for salad dressing. Mustard is highly irritating, as one knows when it is used as a plaster for the skin, so it is reasonable to suppose that the delicate membrane of the digestive tract is also irritated by its use.

Simple Russian Salad.—Arrange a bowl of crisp lettuce and heap chopped, seasoned tomatoes on the lettuce. Serve with any desired salad dressing.

Cottage Cheese Salad.—Take a pint of cottage cheese, add two tablespoonfuls each of shredded chives and minced parsley, or green peppers, season with salt, add one-half cupful of salad dressing and four cupfuls of shredded lettuce. Heap the cheese on the nests of lettuce and serve at once.

Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds
Of her existence; she is wisdom's self.
—Alfred Street.

SUMMERY SALADS.

There is no dish which "touches the spot" equal to a fresh, crisp, green salad.

String Bean Salad — Take one quart of cooked and chilled string beans, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, one half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and a few dashes of paprika, cover with olive oil using two spoonfuls of oil and one of vinegar and let stand for two hours. Line a bowl with lettuce, put in the beans and pour over the dressing. Serve well chilled.

Tomato Aspic on Shredded Cabbage.—Cook two cupfuls of tomato and one onion for twenty minutes, add one teaspoonful of salt and two of sugar and when well dissolved, strain. Soak four teaspoonfuls of granulated gelatin in one tablespoonful of water and add to the tomato. Pour into small molds or cups and let stand until firm. Serve on finely shredded lettuce with mayonnaise or a boiled dressing.

French Dressing.—Put into a bowl, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil (corn oil will do, but lacks the flavor), one tablespoonful of vinegar, one half teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of paprika. Beat with an egg beater until thick.

Tomato With Onion and Cucumber Salad—Cut thick slices of ripe, red tomatoes, or if small, cut in halves. Heap on each slice a mixture of chopped onion and cucumber well seasoned and mixed with French dressing; finish with a spoonful of thick boiled or mayonnaise dressing on top. Three good sized tomatoes will serve nine; the amount of onion and cucumber can be used to suit the taste. Celery may also be added using but a bit of onion for seasoning.

Nellie Maxwell

ALL DRESS FOR THE WARM DAYS

The barbaric glitter of tinsel appears in many of this summer's evening gowns. One of these is made of checked silver cloth with squares in dull lead color contrasting with alternate ones that are in tones of bright burnished silver. So elaborate is this material in itself, observes a leading fashion correspondent, that it needs little trimming. Almost no bodice appears in this gown. There is a bit of front drapery and slender shoulder straps are hung with silver paillettes. In the back it is decollete to the belt.

Sinuously slender, the skirt dips to one of the pointed and abbreviated trains that are so frequently seen this season. Silver cloth shimmering through jade green tulle also makes an effective evening dress.

Young girls are wearing evening frocks of white, unrelieved by any color. Not the fluffy, frilly type of white dress such as the girl graduate chooses are these, but made of silk in the severest way possible, they depend entirely on their classic lines for great distinction.

Wraps That Gleam Like Rainbow.

Callot makes evening coats of silver and gold tissues and collars them with costly furs. Vying with these are evening wraps of silk resembling the rainbow in the brilliancy of their colorings and embroidered with gold and silver threads. The linings are even more brilliant. Large fur collars appear on all the summer evening wraps.

Lace, which will be much used for midsummer dinner dresses, is a welcome departure from the metallic cloths and wintry fabrics that we are using. To dine at a roof garden or other public place on a hot summer night nothing could be more suitable or comfortable than a frock of sheer black lace topped by a picturesque hat. These dresses should be plain and distinctive in their design, instead of the fussy, filmy creations that fashion has given us in past seasons.

Midsummer Evening Gown of White Satin With a Sheen and Daintiness Which Cannot Help but Attract—Set Off by Rich Pearls and Streamer of Crimson Roses.

Wired Frocks Seem Like Cages.

Lace lends itself well to the new flaring silhouette. I saw a frock of white georgette crepe that had a full black lace tunic gathered at the bottom to a white crepe foundation skirt and wired so as to appear like a cage. Sleeves of lace dresses may be short and tight, or three-quarter length and flowing. Necks, whether cut high or low in the back, are always open at the throat.

This Creation of Beauty for Summer Wear Is a Flambeau Smock of Exquisite Lavender Crepe Meteor, With Lavender Flowers Shading Into the Deeper Tones.

With these dresses are worn large black hats of malines, horsehair or lace trimmed with jet, the jet being used to outline the pattern of the lace rather than as a decided trimming feature. Gloves may be worn with these short-sleeved gowns, but Paris says it is smarter to be gloveless.

Evening slippers are of satin or silver cloth, either plain or brocaded; gold cloth slippers are seen no more. Gowns of metal brocade usually have slippers made to match. Many of the new slippers have the large rhinestone buckles which are so becoming to slender feet. Tiny bronze buckles are smart on black slippers.

French Adopt Our Colonial Ideas.

The Colonial lines are featured extensively in the new slippers, even in those worn by Parisiennes. It seems strange that the French should adopt Colonial ideas in their new footwear, but this is just what they are doing. Even satin slippers are made after this fashion. Some of the new French slippers have straps across the ankles, but this style does not appeal to us.

Three years ago Callot made much of the smock as a blouse, but it was not at that time taken up by American buyers. Now the casaque blouse is seen everywhere. It is worn even in sport things, and the old-time blouse that we tucked inside our skirts is disappearing over the horizon of fashion. These overblouses, sashed loosely either with their own material or with narrow moire ribbons in colors that give an opportunity to introduce charming color effects into our costumery, are especially desirable for the uncorseted but somewhat mature figure, because they conceal the waistline, which, if defined, invariably makes women look older.

To Be Made at Home

A frock of unusual charm, and one that might easily be made at home, is of white chiffon flowered with pink roses. This is made like a front and back apron falling full length over an overskirt of plain white chiffon. These panels are bound with rose ribbons of a tone to blend with the flowers in the fabric and are tied together at intervals down the skirt by bows of the ribbon. Around the very low-cut neckline falls a bit of fine white lace shadowing a rose ribbon which ties under the lace at the front in a bow.

The same treatment is carried out on the very short sleeves. The lace makes turnback cuffs under which goes the ribbon. The idea is very simple but clever. It is just the sort of little dress that, seen or described, makes you feel that you want to set to work and make one, because in every feminine heart is the creative clothes instinct, which, if fostered to any degree, is bound to find expression.

Lingerie Dresses Sent by Paris.

Of the latest lingerie dresses that Paris has sent us the one-piece coral and white checked frock is fashioned of French muslin, a material closely resembling a fine voile. A deep fold, hand hemstitched at both top and bottom, makes the skirt appear as though it had an overskirt. The sleeves, patch pockets and blouse, too, are trimmed with hand hemstitching done in coral-colored thread. A particularly interesting feature of this dress is the new long-shouldered effect. Plain coral-colored material of the same shade forms the belt, cuffs and a collar which starts in the front and ties in a bow at the back of the neck.

Veils Add Daintiness.

The woman who is trim from top to toe never forgets that a veil is the last touch in daintiness for any outdoor costume. This year she is wearing one of the big-meshed veils that seem to be the fad; but just because veil meshes are so big fashion has whimsically introduced tiny meshed patterns that are scattered over the veil in an effect of contrast.

BOY SCOUTS

SCOUTS HONOR ROOSEVELT

A memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, drafted by Hermann Hagedorn and adopted by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, is as follows:

He was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light.

He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time.

Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their playmate.

He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame and gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God.

He was loyal to his country, and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best.

He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale.

His courtesy knew no wealth or class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage stood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit, defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come.

He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack, and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide.

PERUVIAN BOY SCOUTS.

The boy scout movement in Peru has made considerable progress in the three years since the first scout brigade was established. It has now extended to all the principal cities there.

The official report for the year says that the scout movement in Peru has filled a need among a people whose education is along purely intellectual lines, and efforts which tend to the development of the mental, physical and moral forces of the young are all the more necessary to make the future generation a creditable one.

The scout movement in Peru has made as much progress as private initiative will warrant. The hope is now that the government will aid in the work.

One excursion of Peru scouts, lasting 25 days, was made to the Panama canal.

THANKFUL FOR SCOUT TRAINING

From the army of occupation comes this word:

"I am in the medical corps, and what we must know in regard to the handling of wounded and the first-aid work is taught in scouting first aid. If I did not have the men who had been in scouting as boys and as officials I would have been at a loss in picking men for dangerous work such as evacuating the wounded from the front line trench. Two such have been recommended for the D. S. C. Even in war they showed themselves to be true scouts. The only thing I can say is, 'Thank God for the scouts, who have always been prepared.'"

And Sergt. Edward Pickering is not the only one who has expressed these sentiments.

BOY SCOUT DOINGS.

Boy scouts of Los Angeles, Cal., held off one day in their milk bottle drive to welcome home their big comrades from France.

The boy scouts in State College, Pa., organized and maintained a fire fighting patrol to assist the community in preventing or controlling forest fires.

Among the daily good turns reported by the boy scouts of Troop No. 1 of Albion, Okla., was recovering a stolen dog after following the thief for five miles.

Boy scouts in a troop in Woodford, Mo., saved the lives of two people from drowning at different times and rendered first-aid to a woman who had been knocked down by a vehicle and injured.

The beauty of Oklahoma City will be preserved, because the boy scouts are on the job. An unauthorized pruning of trees on streets or on park property will be reported to the park commissioner.

One thousand Roosevelt memorial trees of white Norway pine, secured from the forestry commission, were planted by boy scouts at Baudette, Minn.

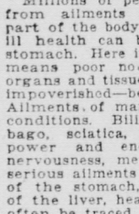
All that the boy scouts of Gloucester, Miss., ask is for the township to buy the lawn mower, and they'll see that the town hall grass stays well trimmed.

Terre Haute, Ind., has designated a conspicuous bit of park property to become "Scout park." Here each troop will plant a Roosevelt memorial tree, while all the scouts will undertake to beautify the park.

EVERYTHING FA

Then Mrs. Bozarth Used Doan's for Kidney Trouble. Says Worth Weight in Gold.

"*Doan's Kidney Pills* are worth their weight in gold for they cured me after all other medicine had failed," says Mrs. B. Bozarth, 87 Water St., Mt. Holly, N. J. "For over three years I was in misery.



Mrs. Bozarth

"The pain in my back grew worse until I had to go to bed. I did nothing but toss about. The stinging pains shot through my body and my head ached and throbbed. My eyes felt as though they would bulge out of my head. The blinding dizzy spells made me think I was going to lose my mind. Everything would turn dark.

"The kidney secretions burned, were the color of coffee and passed every few minutes in very small amounts. I felt all a-flutter with nervousness. I scarcely ate anything and I lost twenty-four pounds. I felt short of breath and my heart would palpitate. Sometimes I would shake all over and become numb.

"*Doan's Kidney Pills* soon gave me relief. I couldn't believe this little 60c box had helped me after the doctors' expensive treatments had brought no results. Three boxes of *Doan's* cured me." *Sworn to before me,*
R. J. B. SLACK, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

MILLIONS
Suffer from
Acid-Stomach

Millions of people suffer year after year from ailments affecting practically every part of the body, never dreaming that their ill health can be traced directly to acid-stomach. Here is the reason: poor digestion means poor nourishment of the different organs and tissues of the body. The blood is impoverished—becomes weak, thin, sluggish. Ailments of many kinds spring from such conditions. Biliousness, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, general weakness, loss of power and energy, headache, insomnia, nervousness, mental depression—even more serious ailments such as catarrh and cancer of the stomach, intestinal ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver, heart trouble—all of these can often be traced directly to acid-stomach.

Keep a sharp lookout for the first symptoms of acid-stomach—indigestion, heartburn, belching, food repeating, that awful painful bloat after eating, and sour, gassy stomach. EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy for acid-stomach, is guaranteed to bring quick relief from these stomach miseries. Thousands say they never dreamed that anything could bring such speedy relief—and make them feel so much better in every way. Try EATONIC and you, too, will be just as enthusiastic in its praise. Make your life worth living—no aches or pains—no blues or melancholy—no more of that tired, listless feeling. Be well and strong. Get back your physical and mental punch; your vim, vigor and vitality. You will always be weak and ailing as long as you have acid-stomach. So get rid of it now. Take EATONIC Tablets—they taste good—you eat them like a bit of candy. Your druggist has EATONIC—50 cents for a big box. Get a box from him today and if you are not satisfied he will refund your money.

EATONIC
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co, for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

A CHARMING GIFT
ARMISTICE PERFUME
This perfume extract will recall to you the rich costly odor of a hundred French flowers—so lasting—so true. WE GUARANTEE to send you 4 bottles, ¼ ounce each, and one special bottle with glass stopper and gold plated top (this alone is worth one dollar) altogether five bottles of different, enchanting perfumes for ONE DOLLAR, postpaid, money order or currency. Send $1.00 TODAY.
ARMISTICE SPECIALTIES
131 West 39th St. New York, N. Y.
DEALERS, AGENTS — Send $1.00 for above, including agency terms and samples, exclusive territory, wonderful proposition.

At Last.

During the flu epidemic in San Francisco, when all public meeting places were closed and the entire population was compelled to wear masks to prevent the spread of the disease, a drunken man was overheard muttering:

"Well, I'm an old man, but I ha lived my time and am ready to quit. I have lived to see four great things come to pass—the end of the war, the churches closed, saloons left en, and the women muzzled."—Judg

The Real Thing

"So this is a German met?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure it's gen derstand a factory in Fra facturing helmets to sell soldiers as souvenirs."

"I guess this one is plied the doughboy, calm "I in exchange for an uppercut land a Prussian's jaw."—Birmingham Herald.

Luxurious Living.

"They charge for putting on a ta cloth and forks and spoons!" claimed the man who was studying restaurant menu.

"Don't say anything about it!" whispered his wife. "If you discuss it in such a way as to bring it to general attention they'll probably think they ought to collect a luxury tax in addition."

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tire, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

ELECTRIC WASHER

The laundry problem is solved by an electric washing machine. It does the work and does it well, without acids or other injurious processes.

Phone us for detailed information and demonstration at your own home.

Sierra Madre Electric Company

G. I. FARMAN, Manager

Jewelry and Repairing

—a full line of LA TAUSCA PEARL NECKLACES—from $3.50 up to the "DIAMOND OPERA," $20.00. Highest cash price paid for old gold, silver and diamonds.

Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FRANK FRAIBERG

Closed Thursday afternoons — Opposite P. E. Station

"Build the City—Trade Here"

THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.

Incorporated

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Puget Sound Pine and Redwood

LUMBER

Shingles, Doors, Sash and General Building Material

W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

New Service Cars

We have just purchased new five and seven passenger cars to add to our livery service so that we are prepared to take care of all calls, long or short hauls.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL

Special rates to responsible parties by the week or month.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

Calls promptly answered, Day or Night

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

Sierra Madre Garage

Milton Steinberger, Prop.

PHONE MAIN 110 — 37-45 W. Central Ave.

SIERRA MADRE CANYON

One of our summer visitors came near losing her cottage from a defective gasoline stove, a few days ago.

Mrs. George Johnstone, an old resident of the canyon, now sojourning in Long Beach, was a visitor to the canyon this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Railsback are planning to take a trip to Kansas soon to visit their daughter and soldier-boy sons who lately returned from France.

Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Lewis are spending their vacation at their summer home. Mr. Lewis is pastor of the East Side Congregational church, Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Gilmore were called to San Diego on Wednesday on business. Mr. Gilmore's mother, aged 85, is spending the summer with him in the canyon.

Mr. Curtin, who has been running a small grocery store in the club house, has sold out and gone east on business. Miss Jones will return to her profession as nurse.

We have had a few beautifully quiet nights lately, since the fleet came, and the girls that are left can't get music to fox-trot by, since Mr. Curtin closed the club house.

To my many friends and customers, I desire to express my sincere thanks for their patronage and good will, and trust that I may be so fortunate as to retain both when I open again in Canyon Pavilion store the next summer. L. H. CURTIN.

The national park authorities have forbidden cats and dogs entrance to the parks. Wish we had some "park authorities" here. The canyon is a dump for stray cats and is a paradise for pet dogs, consequently the squirrels and birds are getting scarcer every year.

Mrs. Rev. Alfred Inwood entertained the Foreign Missionary Society of the Trinity M. E. Church, Pomona, at her summer cottage Tuesday. Incidentally it was Mrs. Inwood's birthday, which the society found out and celebrated appropriately with cake and gifts. Mr. Inwood is pastor of Trinity.

Under the auspices of the Canyon Improvement Society Mr. Merritt is putting the Main Canyon Drive into good shape. Taxation without benefit in return is a good deal like a holdup, but it seems that there is no way out but to pay our taxes and fix our own street, and pay for our own street lights if we have any. Selha!

BANKER MOVES TO SIERRA MADRE

H. E. Allen, cashier of the First National Bank, has rented the C. W. Jones property on East Central and will move his family here the first of the month.

Mr. Allen already seems like an "old resident" here, as he has quietly slipped into the business interests of the bank, adjusting himself to his new conditions so quickly that it is forgotten that he is almost a newcomer.

NEWS WANTAD LINERS

FRIERS FOR SALE—also small hens—fat and nice. F. J. Foord, 250 S. Sunnyside.

DRESS MAKING—Mrs. Clara Westing will do dressmaking of any kind reasonable. 30 South Lima St. 46-47*

FURNITURE WANTED — Highest price paid for second hand furniture. Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. tf

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED — Young lady wants room and board in private family. Address by letter. Boarder, News office. 45-16*

CHICKENS FOR SALE—Several hens that won't lay; good and fat, for sale by the pound, at market price. Phone Green 118.

FOR SALE —California bungalow of 4 rooms. Cornor lot 50 x 150. On South corner of Monticeto and Lima. Payments like rent. Price only $1250. Inquire Olson's Shoe Shop. 45-46*

NURSE LITTLETON USES IT

Harper's Solid Extract of Red Clover, (not a patent medicine) prevents the flu, cleanses the blood, restores convalescents and builds up the system. Recommended and sold by F. H. ...rtman & Son, druggists.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale No. B72842

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale

J. Richard Haas, Plaintiff, vs. Marie E. Morse, a widow, and William Walters, guardian of the person and estate of Anna Beier, an incompetent, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 6th day of August, A. D., 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein J. Richard Hass, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Marie E. Morse, etc., defendant, on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1919, for the sum of Five hundred seventy-eight and 12-100 ($578.12) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 15th day of May, A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 458 of said Court, at page 243, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot nine (9) of the University Tract, in the Rancho Santa Anita, County of Los Angeles, State of California, as per map recorded in Book 8, page 197 of Maps in the office of the county recorder of said county, including all buildings and improvements thereon, or that may be erected on said premises, together with all hereditaments and appurtenances including water, water rights, pipes, flumes and ditches thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining, and the reversions, remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof.

Public notice is hereby given, that, on Monday, the 8th day of September, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 14th day of August, 1919. JNO. C. CLINE,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Goudge, Robinson & Hughes,
Plaintiff's Attorney. 46-50

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale No. B73135

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale

Ernest W. Smith, Plaintiff,
vs.
W. H. Houghton, Harriet V. Houghton, Emma M. Walbrant, John Doe, Richard Roe, Henry Green, Annie Noe, Mary Black and John Doe Company, a corporation, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of and order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 17th day of July, A. D., 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Ernest W. Smith, the above named plaintifl, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against W. H. Houghton, Harriet V. Houghton, et al., defendants, on the 8th day of July, A. D., 1919, for the sum of Thirty-one hundred and ninety-nine and 09-100 ($3199.09) dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 15th day of July, A. D., 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 474 of said Court, at page 120, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city of Pasadena, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot two (2) of Los Robles Park being a portion of Los Robles Rancho in the city of Pasadena, county of Los Angeles, state of California, as per map recorded in book 66 pages 39 and 40 miscellaneous records of said county.

Except that portion of said lot 2 described as follows: Beginning at the most easterly point of said lot 2 of said Los Robles Park thence running in a northwesterly direction along the northeasterly boundary line of said lot 2, 118.4 feet to the southerly boundary line of a road shown on said map, thence westerly along the southerly boundary line of said road 68.5 feet to a point ... is the intersection of said ... boundary line of said road ... northwesterly boundary ... 2, thence in a line parallel ... boundary ... more or ... ndary ... north- ... to the

Also all that portion of lot 1 in said Los Robles Park, lying southeasterly of a line beginning at a point distant 80 feet northwesterly along Marengo Avenue from the most southerly corner of said lot 1 and extending in a northeasterly direction parallel with the southeasterly line of said lot to the north line thereof.

Including all buildings and improvements thereon, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances, water and water rights, pipes, flumes and ditches thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof.

Public notice is hereby given, That, on Monday, the 8th day of September, A.D. 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 14th day of August, 1919. JNO. C. CLINE,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
A. L. Rowland ... Attorney.

Automobile for Hire!

FIVE-PASSENGER OVERLAND

Anywhere — Any Time — Night Calls A Specialty

Rates $2.00 per Hour

Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Day Calls, 25c
After 9:00 p. m., Minimum 50c

H. A. BINFORD

N. E. Cor. Highland and Mt. Trail — Phone Black 122

J. C. WHYTE

Transfer and Express

FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.

PHONE BLUE 55 — 148 N. MT. TRAIL

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

Special Attention to Renters
Going to Buy?—Consult my lists.
Want to Rent?—Inspect my properties.

A. N. ADAMS

Phone Black 8. — 22 North Baldwin Ave.

BIGGEST BEST BUSIEST

Monrovia Laundry Co.

LAUNDERERS AND DRY CLEANERS

Men's Suits $1.20 — Ladies' Suits $1.25

SIERRA MADRE OFFICE

Phone Green 85 — Pettitts News Stand

Substitute for Eggs

—A pure wholesome product for use instead of eggs in making cakes, puddings, sauces, salad dressings, etc. Healthful and nutritious. Guaranteed to comply with pure food laws. Try it. Will help to reduce your egg bill.

10-Egg Size 10 cents

SOLD BY E. DAVENES,
391 East Grand View

Mount Wilson Coffee Parlor

LUNCHES FOR HIKERS A SPECIALTY

J. A. Saenger

At the End of the Car Line

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. H. MACKERRAS, M. D.
Sierra Madre Office 138 W. Central
Hours: Mon. Wed. and Fri. ... to 11:30 by appointment. ... Main 53 or Green 57.
Pasadena Office, Central Building.
Phone Colo. 334. Res. Phone Colo. 1191.

LLOYD L. KREBS, M. D.
Sierra Madre Office, 4 N. Baldwin.
Tues., Thurs., Sat.—11to 12:30.
Phone Main 60.
Pasadena Office, 461 E. Colorado
Phone, Colo. 630
Residence, 415 Oak Lawn, So. Pasa.
Phone, Fair Oaks 584

MAY JANET CULBERTSON, D. O.
Osteophathic Physician
Oil Rub, Massage. Phone Blue 36.
Residence and Office 193 West Central Ave.

WINDSOR INSTITUTE
For Pathological Research

Non-surgical and surgical treatment of cancer and other abnormal growths. Resident and non-resident patients. The Guelph Sterilization System for the non-surgical treatment of cancer (external and internal) is the result of exhaustive laboratory research and successful clinical experience in the treatment of the disease. The Guelph System comprises the specific formulae of the former Medical Director, the late Dr. George W. Carpender, for many years the greatest authority on the non-surgical treatment of cancer, also the ancient medical systems of Indian-Ayurvedic and Yunani.

Founder and Director of Research,
The Prince John David de Windsor.
Physician in Charge Medical Department,
Reginald E. Macdonald, M. D.

ALLEN T. GAY
Funeral Director
Phone Main 93. 201 West Central Avenue, Sierra Madre, Cal.

CLEANING & PRESSING

Special attention given to alternations and repair work.

Prompt Seryice
Good Work
Reasonable Rates

CLAUD HARRIMAN
Red 64 — 10 N. Baldwin Ave.

(Continued from Page 1)

As our stay here is drawing to an end we decided to rest the last two days in our favorite resting place by the river, where all the world seems ... perfect harmony. Here we ... understand how the good ... could love California so ... kiss the ground as shown ... on Play.

... morning and time for us ... wonderful spot. Large ... convey us to El Portal, ... station. Aboard ... and through Merced ... Merced River by our ... Here are plenty traces of Placer ... ng and as we whirl by there we wonder what the trees and hills, the ... ter and the rocks would reveal to ... of days gone by, when the miner ... amed here, could we but understand their language.

... t Merced City we board the train ... Los Angeles and arriving there we scatter to our different homes, agreeing that never did anyone enjoy a vacation any better than did we ten old maids in Yosemite Valley.

As I picture this trip in my mind I wonder how could the Indians who were there first of all, ever give up to the white man this glorious Yosemite Valley, beautiful Eden of ours.

The Misses Helen and Dorothy Whiting, who entertained us so charmingly with harmony singing, are the nieces of Mr. Whiting, editor of ... paper. The young ladies also ... d out an old Indian legend for the moving picture camera, told to them by an old Indian woman, 117 years old and resident of the valley.

The night the picture was shown Miss Helen Whiting appeared in person as Indian maid and sang the Star Spangled Banner, as she did on Overhanging Rock on Glacier Point, July 4th, 1919.

DANCE TONIGHT

The Woman's Club invite all service men to attend the regular dance at the club house tonight, as guests of the club. The usual orchestra and special attractions.

CENSUS SUPERVISOR

Phillip F. Dodson of South Pasadena has been appointed County Supervisor of Census for Los Angeles County, by the Secretary of Commerce, at Washington, D. C.

SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS

Last week the News mentioned the sale of school lands in California, but was unable to give the date of sale, which will occur at 10 o'clock a. m. Friday, August 22, at the west entrance to the Court House in Los Angeles.

A list of the vacant lands can be seen at the city library or at the News office.

Phone Green 118 for ...